

# THE ECLECTIC.

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JULY, 1860.

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## I.

### THE OXFORD SCHOOL.

EVER since the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," we have been in no doubt as to the course and tendency of the Oxford School. The men who told us some twenty years ago, that unless we are prepared to disclaim the right of private judgment in things pertaining to God, we are not members of the Church of Christ; that rightly to understand the Scriptures, we must have recourse to Tradition, which is a fuller exposition of God's Revealed Truth, and that this tradition is of equal authority with Scripture itself; that in every instance our faith is to rest on the authority of the Church; that the ministers of the sanctuary are to exercise great reserve in exhibiting the doctrine of the Atonement; that it is a great mistake to suppose, that by preaching the Atonement, we are preaching what St. Paul meant by Christ crucified, since all that he intended is the necessity of our being crucified to the world, our humiliation together with Christ, the mortification of our flesh, the being made conformable to His suffering and death; that preaching is set above the sacraments; that the doctrine of justification by faith only is nowhere declared in Scripture; the men, we say, who could thus speak and write, were not likely to stand at any point short of a purely Negative Theology. There has been a gradual but positive development of the principles involved in such a system of teaching. These writers had their disciples and followers. Of the two hundred members of Convocation then resident in Oxford, over a fourth at least were Tractarians — the Tutors of some half dozen colleges maintained and propagated the same doctrines; of the twelve hundred undergraduates and bachelors, there were large numbers impregnated with the same opinions, and what has been the consequence? There is scarcely a city, or town, or village throughout the kingdom, in which these pernicious doctrines have not their advocates and apologists. Their tendency is to Romanize the Church,

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to subvert the Revealed Truth of God, and to imperil the highest and the holiest interests of the people.

Other voices have spoken from Oxford since the publication of the "Tracts for the Times," but the latest utterances are to be found in a volume now before us,\* in which seven entirely independent writers "attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religion and moral truth from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment." We are no enemies to "a free handling" of any subject which lies within the wide domain of Revealed Truth, for the more laborious and painstaking our investigations, the more valuable will be the results. We have nothing to fear from the most profound research. The facts in the book of God can never be at variance with the facts in the book of Nature. The discoveries of Science can never contradict the discoveries of Revelation. For every law in the moral world, there is a corresponding law in the physical world, and between these two there is a perfect harmony. The God of the Bible is not another and a different Being from the God of Nature. The same Infinite intelligence and perfection are present in both, and in both the proofs of the oneness of mind and operation are manifold and incontrovertible. If in any instance there be a discrepancy between the facts and the teachings of Nature and the facts and the teachings of Revelation, we may take for granted that we have failed either to see the link of connection, or to lay hold of the true principles of interpretation. And so we may say of the discoveries of science. Let the progress of science be what it may, it can never but be in harmony with the Book of God. We may have to wait for additional facts, or for some better interpretation of the facts, but of the ultimate reconciliation of Nature and Revelation, we have not even the shadow of a shade of doubt. And for such an issue we can afford to wait. The Bible has already been subjected to no common test. Into the crucible it will yet be put; and if the flame should be raised even to a white heat, all the more satisfactory will be the result.

In the Essay entitled "The Education of the World," whose object is to prove that in the history of man each successive age incorporates into itself the substance of the preceding, we are told—

"We may then rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. The men of the earliest ages were in many respects still children as compared with ourselves, with all the

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\* "Essays and Reviews." London: Parker & Son, West Strand.

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blessings, and with all the disadvantages that belong to childhood. We reap the fruits of their toil, and bear in our characters the impress of their cultivation. Our characters have grown out of their history, as the character of the man grows out of the history of the child. There are matters in which the simplicity of childhood is wiser than the maturity of manhood, and in these they were wiser than we. There are matters in which this childhood is nothing, and the man everything, and in these we are the gainers; and the process by which we have either lost or gained, corresponds stage by stage with the process by which the infant is trained for youth, and the youth for manhood. This training has three stages. In childhood we are subject to positive rules which we cannot understand, but are bound implicitly to obey. In youth we are subject to the influence of example, and soon break loose from all rules, unless illustrated and enforced by the higher teaching which example imparts. In manhood we are comparatively free from external restraints, and if we are to learn, must be our own instructors. First come Rules, then Examples, then Principles. First comes the Law, then the Son of Man, then the Gift of the Spirit. The world was once a child under tutors and governors until the time appointed by the Father. Then, when the fit season had arrived, the Example to which all ages should turn, was sent to teach men what they ought to be. Then the human race was left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within."

Surely it did not need the Head-Master of Rugby, and the successor of Dr. Arnold, to tell us that the Present is indebted to the Past, and that the Past is embodied and expressed in the Present. But what does he mean when he speaks of the world being at one time "subject to positive rules," and then at another period "breaking loose from all rules," and becoming "subject to the influence of examples?" Are not men as much under law now as at any former time in the world's history? Does not example itself become potential and influential, because it is the embodiment and expression of law? Did not "the example to which all ages should turn," come to be the world's Teacher and the world's Ruler? While He took up and embodied in himself all the past, and stood out as the Pattern not only of his own age, but of every age, did He not come to flood the mind of man with the light of higher truth? Did He come only full of grace, and not also full of truth? Was He not THE TRUTH as well as THE WAY? And as the Truth, was He not the light of the world? Did He not in himself perfect the Revelation of God to man? Nothing more was needed; and nothing more could have been desired. In His teaching were supplied the elements for the world's education, till time shall be no more. And what was his Example but only the practical exemplification of his

own doctrine? He was a living Teacher, because He was a living Exemplar; and yet the model which He presented depended on the Truth which He taught. If his life embodied the truth, then take away the truth and you lose the life. Nay, more:—the world's Exemplar and Teacher came to be the world's Redeemer. The value even of His life depended on the efficacy of His death; and this again on the fact, that his death was nothing less than a propitiation for sin. He had to die and make expiation for man's guilt, as well as reveal to him the will of God. It is to get free of this grand vital truth—a truth to which man's deepest consciousness is ever bearing testimony—that such a forced and unnatural stress is now being laid on the life and the example of the Great Incarnate. Then what is meant by “the human race being left to itself to be guided by the teaching of the Spirit within?” Does the Spirit here point to the Holy Ghost whom the Saviour promised to his disciples to lead them into all the truth which He himself for three long years had been presenting in its most living and life-giving forms? Or does it include nothing more than the man's own riper experience? We are told that “from the storehouse of his youthful experience the man begins to draw the principles of his life;” that the education by no means ceases when the spirit thus begins to lead the soul, since “the office of the spirit is in fact to guide us into truth, not to give truth.” Then comes the question—How does this spirit “guide us into truth?”—to which we have the answer, that the man first “learns unconsciously by the result of his inner powers, and the secret but speedy accumulation of experience;” then he “learns by reflection;” next “by mistakes, both by his own and by those of others;” and finally, “much by contradiction.” This, it appears, does not exempt the full-grown man from the authority of rule or law. But what is this law? Let us hear these Oxford teachers:—

“The law may be an external law, a voice which speaks within the conscience, and carries the understanding along with it; a law which treats us not as slaves but as friends, allowing us to know what our Lord doeth; a law which bids us yield not to blind fear or awe, but to the majesty of truth and justice; a law which is not imposed upon us by another power, but by our own will.” This is “the law which governs and educates the man; and he only who can control all appetites and passions in obedience to it can reap the full harvest of the last and highest education.”

And this is the Spirit guiding us into truth! Marvellous discovery in the height of the world's enlightenment, and in the nineteenth century of Christian development! But who does not

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perceive that the drift of the Writer is, to set aside an outward and objective Revelation, except as a mere record of the past life of the world, and thus dispense with the presence and the grace of that promised Spirit, who acts upon the conscience and the heart through the instrumentality of such truth, and to throw the man back on his own mental efforts and experience for his final education? If the world is to be so educated, the history of Egypt, of Greece, and of other civilized nations will tell us, with no common emphasis, that it is a hopeless task. An education for the world, from which the Book and the Spirit of God are both excluded, will leave the world just where it is. The world by wisdom has never known God; and as for a man, so for a nation to be ignorant of God, as He has been pleased to reveal himself, is a state for which nothing can compensate.

The Second Essay is a critique on Bunsen's "Biblical Researches," the writer of which confesses that he has not traversed the same vast field, nor sounded the same depth as the illustrious author, but who says, "where we have been best able to follow him, we have generally found most reason to agree with him;" and who holds him up as "a man who, in our darkest perplexity, has reared again the banner of truth, and uttered thoughts which give courage to the weak, and sight to the blind;" and to whom, "if Protestant Europe is to escape those shadows of the twelfth century which, with ominous recurrence, are closing around us, will belong a foremost place among the champions of light and right," and whose "enduring glory is neither to have paltered with his conscience nor shrunk from the difficulties of the problem, but to have brought a vast erudition, in the light of a Christian conscience, to unravel entangled records, tracing frankly the Spirit of God elsewhere, but honouring chiefly the traditions of His Hebrew Sanctuary." No testimony could be more laudatory to the distinguished Baron; but whether it is wholly just is another matter, and will fully appear ere we have closed our present remarks.

Bunsen conceives that our present chronology is far too narrow in its limits; and for the six thousand years of the Bible, he asks for twenty thousand, so as satisfactorily to account for the development of commerce and government, but still more of languages and the physical features of race. It appears that ten thousand years are required to constitute "the historical area of nations and languages;" and that ten thousand more are needed to allow "the possibilities" arising out of the development of nations and languages "to take body and form." But how does this affect our Bible? No one professes to believe that the six thousand years of Archbishop Usher's Chronology, or of any other chronology,



is a part of Revelation; and therefore the Chevalier may take twenty thousand, or any other number of years for his theory of development; but then comes the question—Is not his period just as arbitrary and as wholly without support as that of the primate?

But to let this pass. In the high hand with which Jehovah led forth His people, in the spoiling of the Egyptians, and in their lingering in the Peninsula, Bunsen sees “the signs of a struggle conducted by human means;” and “as the pestilence of the Book of Kings becomes in Chronicles the more visible angel, so the avenger who slew the first-born may have been the Bedouin host, akin nearly to Jethro, and more remotely to Israel;” the description of the passage through the Red Sea is to be interpreted with the latitude of poetry; the Pentateuch is not, perhaps, the production of one age and one hand; the subsequent books may have been contemporary with the events, or the whole literature may have grown like a tree rooted in the varying thoughts of successive generations; the spiritual element in the Mosaic economy generated the ritual, and was finally overlaid by it; the Hebrew Legislator “would gladly have founded a free religious society, in which the primitive tables written by the Divine finger in man’s heart should have been law, but the rudeness or the hardness of his people’s hearts compelled him to a sacerdotal system and formal tablets of stone;” the strong position “that there was a Bible before our Bible,” is made to rest on the wondrous discovery that several of the sacred books were expanded from simpler and pre-existing elements; the three opening verses of Genesis are nothing more than side-clauses, and the first direct utterance of the Bible is:—God said, “Let there be light;” the Psalms of imprecation are not inspired; the prophecies are not to be looked upon in the light of miraculous fore-knowledge, but only of moral lessons having their force and meaning in contemporaneous history; the fact that “in Germany there has been a pathway streaming with light, from Eichhorn to Ewald, aided by the practical penetration of Herder, and the philological discoveries of Gesenius, throughout which the value of the moral element in prophecy has been progressively raised, and that of the directly predictive—whether Secular or Messianic—has been lowered,” is hailed as indicative of mighty progress in the department of human inquiry; the child born (Isaiah ix. 6—8) is a birth which took place in the reign of Ahaz, as a sign against the two kings Pekah and Rezin; and “the Mighty God” means only some strong and mighty one, the Father of an age; the period indicated by Daniel’s “seventy weeks” ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and those portions of his book, which are supposed to be specially predictive,

are a history of past occurrences up to that reign ; the prophecies, as prophecies, are all melting, "if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry !"

All this is bold enough and daring enough, but even this does not form the limit of the Baron's destructive effort. He repudiates and denies the Christian interpretation of the fifty-second and the fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, and instead of applying their inimitable language to the Suffering Redeemer of man, he refers it to the prophet Jeremiah. But Jeremiah entered upon his prophetic office some seventy years after the death of Isaiah, and, therefore, to get over this difficulty, he divides the Book of Isaiah into two parts, and assigns to each part a different author. Up to the fortieth chapter, is perhaps to be ascribed to our prophet, whom he designates the elder Isaiah, while the later portions of the work are ascribed to BARUCH, the disciple, scribe, and biographer or editor of Jeremiah. These two chapters, which we in our ignorance, but in common with the whole Catholic Church, have regarded in the light of pure prophecy, and have applied to the Incarnate Son of God in His humiliation and His death, are nothing more than a history, the record of a fact, and the fact—so we are told—is, that Jeremiah so suffered in connection with Israel, and for their sakes, as to entitle him to be looked upon as the man of sorrows and the acquainted with grief !

With such facts and evidence before us, we can scarcely be startled by any statement put forth by the learned foreigner. According to Chevalier Bunsen, if the Spirit, whose abiding influence underlies all others, "does not dwell in the Church, the Bible would not be inspired ; for the Bible is, before all things, the written voice of the congregation." That is, to put it in the form of a syllogism, the Church is an inspired body, the written voice of the Church is the Bible, therefore the Bible is inspired ! Logic this worthy of the disciples of Aristotle. But bold as such a theory of inspiration may sound, it was, we are told, "the earliest creed of the Church ; and it is the only one to which the facts of Scripture answer ;" so that, "instead of objecting that everyone of us is fallible, we should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture and human nature."—This we promise to do as soon as Bunsen, or any other man, will give us a definition in harmony with these facts ; but sooner than this it is not to be looked for.

Then, what is to be said of his flippant treatment of Luther's grand article of a standing or a falling church ? He asks—"Why may not justification by faith have meant the peace of mind, or sense of Divine approval, which comes of trust in a righteous God, rather than a fiction of merit by transfer ? St. Paul would then



be teaching moral responsibility, as opposed to sacerdotalism ; or, that to obey is better than sacrifice. Faith would be opposed, not to the good deeds which conscience requires, but to works of appeasement by ritual. Justification would be neither an arbitrary ground of confidence, nor a reward upon condition of our disclaiming merit, but rather a verdict of forgiveness upon our repentance, and of acceptance upon the offering of our hearts." What a confounding of things that differ is here ! Does the Chevalier need to be informed that repentance implies the fact and the consciousness of sin, that sin implies the existence and the action of law, that law is based on moral and immutable principles, and that forgiveness depends on these principles being maintained in all their sublime integrity ? To maintain these principles inviolate God had to provide, and on this provision rests the possibility of the sinner being pardoned and accepted. Justification is neither peace of mind nor a sense of Divine approval. These are the conscious effects of justification, but are never to be confounded with it. These are states of mind belonging to the man, whereas justification is an act on the part of God, as the Moral Rector of the universe.

With true consistency, the Baron exclaims—"How long shall we bear this fiction of an External Revelation ?" So long, we venture to think, as the relation exists between the mind and the things which are objective to it. Are not the philosopher and the man of science dependent on an external revelation ? Would the Chevalier himself ever have attained his present eminence if there had been nothing objective to himself ? Does he profess to be independent of every living contemporary, and of all the master-spirits who have gone before him ? Does he owe nothing to history, to existing monuments, to living agencies and influences ? Of course, all that he knows, or believes, has been evolved out of his own mind—is the fruit of his own independent intuition ! Neither the past nor the present, neither the living nor the dead, have done anything for him. The men who are everlastingly appealing to an external world, with its various and manifold provisions, would have us throw far away from our hand the Revelation which God has addressed in a written form to man. We need an external revelation on which to rest our philosophy and our science ; but any communication from God to man on what is of infinite moment to him, as a moral being, with an immortal destiny before him, is a mere fiction ! Nature may be relied upon, but the Bible may not ; we may believe in our own intuitions, but must have no faith in the Inspired Writers ; we may safely confide in our own experience, but may never depend on the testimony of others !



It will be observed, that up to this point we have made Baron Bunsen speak, rather than the Writer of the critique on his Researches; but then the Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter, has affixed his imprimatur to the Baron's works; and "where he has been best able to follow him, he has generally found most reason to agree with him." Such an agreement we have no doubt is very flattering to the pride of the Professor; and in sympathy and fellowship with the Chevalier, he cannot but be conscious of a higher satisfaction. But he is the Vice-Principal and the Hebrew Professor of St. David's College; and is this the teaching which the Church of England is prepared and willing to give her sons? Are her fountains of learning to send forth such poisoned streams through the length and breadth of the land? Are the rising clergy to form so many channels through whom these deadly waters are to be conveyed to the people? Let but the pulpit of England ring out the sound that the Bible, as an External Revelation, is a mere fiction, and the day of England's decline, of her fall and her ruin, has already dawned. Her continued stability rests upon her divine Christianity.

The Evidences of this Christianity constitute the Third Article in this somewhat extraordinary volume. The subject is as important as it is extensive, and is one which has challenged the reach and the effort of the most colossal intellects, both in the present and in the past. If we once admit the existence of such a book as the Christian Testament, it follows that its record can be accredited or it can not; and on this are dependent issues of infinite moment. We are told that, "unlike the essential doctrines of Christianity—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—these *external accessories* constitute a subject which of necessity is perpetually taking somewhat at least of a new form, with the successive phases of opinion and knowledge; and thus it becomes not an unsatisfactory nor unimportant object, from time to time, to review the condition in which this discussion stands, and to comment on the peculiar features which at any particular epoch it most prominently presents, as indicative of strength or weakness—of the advance and security of the cause—if, in accordance with the real progress of enlightenment, its advocates have had the wisdom to rescind what better information showed defective, and to substitute views in accordance with higher knowledge; or, on the other hand, inevitable symptoms of weakness and inefficiency, if such salutary cautions have been neglected." To such renewed and repeated examinations of the grounds of our Faith, or to the enlightened and discriminating inspection of the outworks by which that faith is defended, no one can object, provided always that we never yield the ground which we already

occupy, till that ground is no longer tenable. If it can be conclusively proved that what has been hitherto received as an evidence in favour of Christianity, is no evidence at all—if, on the contrary, it can be shown to militate against and overthrow the very cause we are seeking to defend, it would bespeak the very extreme of folly longer to adhere to it. But is it a thing impossible that the very proof which is adduced to disturb our repose in the credibility of the Christian Revelation, may be based on a false premiss? From what point does the argument set out which is to work such a revolution in our thoughts and belief? May not our opponent be himself in a false position? Is it inconceivable that he may have raised a ghost, and then is seriously amusing himself in the combat? According to the writer of this Third Essay, and he a Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, “it was long since perceived that the argument from *necessity* of miracles is at best a very hazardous one, since it implies the presumption of constituting ourselves judges of such necessity, and admits the fair objection—when were miracles more needed than at the present day, to indicate the truth amid manifold error, or to propagate the faith?” This may sound like an argument, but it has nothing of its strength. The Writer clearly does not understand the design or end of miracles. A miracle was never intended “to indicate the truth, or to propagate the faith.” Truth needs no attestation or confirmation. If it be truth, we can make it nothing less and nothing more—no—not by the addition of the most stupendous deeds of power and love. When our Lord and His Apostles appealed to miracles, it was simply as the proof or evidence of the Divinity of their mission—that they were sent of God. As those who were divinely commissioned, they had a message to deliver, and having established the divinity of their mission by the miracles which they performed, it was at the peril of their souls and their salvation that those to whom they spoke rejected their message. The only connection between the miracle and the message was the authenticating the claims and pretensions of the messenger. If any one were to appear in our day professing to be a God-sent man, bringing with him a message from the Throne of Light, the first thing we should do would be to ask for his credentials. If he established his claim to be Divinely sent, his message would still remain to be received on its own inherent merits. The mere fact of his having the power to work a miracle would never produce in us the moral conviction of the truth of his message. Miracles never did produce such a conviction; nor would they ever do it. Miracles have ceased, because the men have for ever passed away who had any supernatural communication to make known. The Incarnate One was in himself the fulness



and completion of all Revelation. His Apostles were only led into the truth which he taught them; and their Epistles are but the development of those living germs which he left with them. Up to this hour, we have had no advance upon the readings and the teachings of the Christian Testament; nor do we dream of any farther or fuller revelation. We may have a deeper insight into the Book of God—we may go on to discover, understand, and appreciate its deep and Divine themes, but our increased knowledge is not to be confounded with a new and supernatural communication hitherto unknown and unrevealed.

But let us listen to our Mathematical Professor. Speaking of the adaptation of miracles to the age of our Lord and His Apostles, he says, that "it is to the entire difference in the ideas, prepossessions, modes, and grounds of belief in these times that we trace the reason why miracles, which would be incredible *now*, were not so in the age and under the circumstances in which they are stated to have occurred;" "that most of the Christian miracles could only be evidential at *the time* they were wrought, and are not so at present;" that the appeal to miracles "as the sole or even the principal external attestations to the claims of a Divine Revelation, is a species of reasoning which appears to have lost ground even among the most earnest advocates of Christianity;" that "if miracles were in the estimation of a former age among the chief *supports* of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance;" that "the more knowledge advances, the more it has been and will be acknowledged that Christianity, as a real religion, must be viewed apart from physical things;" that this has been rendered necessary by astronomical and geological discoveries, and by the more recent development of species, and of spontaneous generation, and of creation being only another name for our ignorance of the mode of production; that "a Revelation is most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes;" that "an alledged miracle can be regarded only in one of two ways, either abstractedly as a physical event, and therefore to be investigated by reason and physical evidence, and referred to physical causes, possibly to *known* causes, but at all events to some higher cause or law, if at present unknown; it then ceases to be supernatural, yet still might be appealed to in support of religious truth, especially as referring to the state of knowledge and apprehensions of the parties addressed in past ages: or, as connected with religious doctrines, regarded in a sacred light, asserted on the authority of Inspiration."

These sentences prove that the Professor is just as ignorant of the nature of miracles as of their design or end. A miracle is not "a violation of natural causes," but is, according to his



own showing, the result of "some higher cause or law," of some "known causes," or, it may be, "at present unknown." It is enough for our purpose that he admits the presence of a higher law. Will he tell us whether the operation of law does not imply a personal agency? Can there be law without a giver of law? We resolve the miracles of the Bible into a Power equal to the effect; and, instead of seeing any violation of natural causes, we discover the introduction of a new cause which produces a new and corresponding effect where and when we did not expect it. A dead man is suddenly raised to life. In this instance the higher law of life controls and determines the law of death. As a general law, death reigns as before; its action is only arrested in this particular case by the introduction of another law, to which death is finally and for ever to yield. Though Mr. Baden Powell asserts, that "we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles;" that for this "we must go out of nature and beyond reason," is it impossible to conceive of God in any circumstances producing a new and unexpected result by the introduction of some higher cause, which cause can be resolved into His own immediate and active power? And may not the fact of such a result having been produced and witnessed, rest on testimony, the disbelief of which would be more strange and unaccountable than the miracle itself? We believe in testimony, and therefore we believe in miracles. Nor was Paley so far wrong in his assertion, "that it is impossible to conceive a Revelation given except by means of miracles." The fact of a message being addressed from God to man, implies the existence of a messenger, and he must first establish the divinity of his mission by an appeal to miracles before he can demand the reception of his message, as a supernatural communication, on the part of those to whom it is addressed. But, whatever weight or value may be assigned to the External Evidences of Christianity, we are far from overlooking the inherent merits of the Truth Revealed, and of its perfect adaptation to the moral state and consciousness of man. Between the facts in our human consciousness and the disclosures of Revelation, there is the most perfect harmony, and this outweighs all external proof.

We have a few more words to say on these "Essays and Reviews," which we must reserve for our next Number.

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## II.

## THE BOOK OF JOB.

A GRAND mystery hangs over this matchless composition. Its date, its author, and its history are among the things yet to be known. Is it a book of facts, or a book of fictions? Is it nothing more than a mystical allegory, or a beautiful parable? Or is it a life and a reality? Luther held it to be a genuine history; and, in more recent times, we are told that the most venerable traditions of Eastern nations respecting Job forbid and preclude the probability that the narrative is not founded on fact—that it would be as easy to convince an Arab that Abraham, Moses, and Solomon were not real characters, as that such a man as Job never existed:—more than this, that “the Holy Church throughout the world” doth acknowledge, with a few exceptions, that Job was an Arabian prince, an inspired prophet, and a blessed type of the Redeemer of the world. Be this as it may, the Book is admitted to be a genuine Hebrew original, which left the pen of the writer very much in the form in which it has come down to us. But who that writer was, is matter of conjecture. Luther believed that it was written in the time of Solomon; but Ewald confidently asserts that it belongs to the great prophetic era, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah. For this the proof is wanting; while the whole structure of the composition points to an earlier date. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions; its idioms and its allusions are anything but Jewish; it abounds with words and modes of expression not to be found in any other book of the Bible; its very style is unique; and its utterances seem to carry us back to the close of the patriarchal epoch. From the fact that there is no reference to Jewish traditions or revealed verities; to national priority and peculiar privilege; to the history of a peculiar people, and the events involved in that history; it has been inferred that the hero of the poem was a Gentile and not a Jew. But could such a person as Job have existed in the heathen world? Is the book a dramatic poem or a real history? Hengstenberg says:—“If we regard Job as an actual historical personage, we shift the boundary line separating the heathen world from the Church of God, and pronounce the redemptive means set up by God superfluous. For depth of religious knowledge, Job stands higher than Abraham. If heathendom could produce such characters—if it could penetrate so deeply into the wisdom of God, no other reve-

lation was needed. We have no right to appeal here to the example of Melchizedek; for, apart from the fact that he has justly been described as the setting sun of the primeval revelation, there is in Job more than the pure monotheism of Melchizedek; there is a fulness and depth of divine knowledge such as is never found except in the sphere of Revelation, such as flows forth alone from the sanctuary of the Lord. But there is no difficulty in discerning the reason why the author should lay the scene of his work in a foreign country, if we regard it as free and practical. It is the same reason as that which induced him to go back beyond Moses into the patriarchal ages, and to avoid the names of Jehovah, which were peculiarly dear to Israel. He does not wish the matter [the points in question] to be decided from the law of God. He sets aside for the moment 'what is written.' He leaves the region which is ruled by the law, because it is his vocation, independently and by direct revelation, to furnish a solution of the problem which shall accord with the hints already given in the law. The historical truth of the Book lies in an utterly different region from that in which it is usually sought. The author must himself have been a Job, a cross-bearer; he must himself have wrestled with despair; he must himself have been comforted with the comfort which he gives to others; he must himself have repented in sackcloth and ashes: for only through his own personal experience could a man write concerning a mystery of God as the author of the Book of Job writes." Granted. But why should not Job be still a real and historical personage? Is it a thing incredible that God should reveal himself immediately to the mind of a Gentile? Is it not possible that there was a type of virtue in the Gentile world, as there was a type of faith in the Jewish world? Was there anything antecedently improbable that Job should become as enlightened as Abraham, or even surpass him in religious knowledge; and that the virtue of the one should be put to as severe a test as the faith of the other? We can conceive of no necessity arising out of the nature or the purpose of God, which should lead Him to confine the light of life to one single individual. Abraham himself was a Gentile, and brought up in the midst of idolatry. It was while a heathen and an idolater that God revealed to him the truth, and through that truth effected his separation from the whole Gentile world. So it was, we think, with this Arabian prince. With a mind in pursuit of truth, he was led into the way of truth; reached the highest conclusions regarding the character and government of God; broke loose from the popular beliefs of his time; grew up strong in the righteousness of moral character; was not so separated from sin as to be exempt from suf-



fering; had his deeper temptations, trials, and conflicts; wrestled and agonised for life in God; and left the record of his mysterious history to instruct the ages and the generations to come.

This record, at a later date, came into the hands of one who could fully sympathise with the sufferer; and, finding in the record sufficient materials for a dramatic poem, such a poem he constructed, and hence the sublime unity which pervades the Book. It has its central truth, and until we come to discover this, and make this our point of view, we shall find neither harmony nor consistency in the composition.

It is without controversy that sin and suffering are inseparable; but it is equally undeniable that suffering is no proof of Divine abandonment. Suffering is an effect, corresponding more or less with its causes; but by no means indicating the utter distance of the creature from his Creator, nor the utter aversion and opposition of the Creator to his creature. It was one of the world's earliest beliefs that greatness and goodness, virtue and happiness, went always together; that good and base men were, as such, rewarded or punished even in this world; that outward prosperity was an index to inward rectitude, while adversity, whatever its type or duration, was the expression of an infinite anger—the minister of God's justice to inflict some deserved punishment. On this hypothesis it was impossible to understand or to solve the problem of human life. Yet it was the popular belief. It entered into the creed of both Jew and Gentile. In the belief of this, Job himself had been educated. So had his three friends. But while his deeper convictions forced him away from this untenable ground, these friends still continued to occupy it; and it is from this point they look upon the suffering prince, and speak to him in words of maddening irritation.

This is the key to the whole Book. Job is a sufferer; but he is conscious of his uprightness. His friends see him in his sufferings, and they conclude that he is emphatically and pre-eminently an object of Divine displeasure. Having no idea of the true cause of these sufferings, they interpreted them as so many judicial inflictions—the merited visitations of an outraged and awakened justice; and hence their addresses were at perfect variance with the facts of the case. His consciousness contradicted their utterances; while their utterances gave a still keener edge to his grief. We may go farther, and say, that his consciousness gave the lie to his own creed; and thus his faith was shaken from its very foundation. He had been taught to believe in the outward dispensation as expressive of the Divine favour or displeasure, and yet he had the testimony of his own conscience, "that he feared God, and eschewed evil." In his character were united every

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moral excellence. There was "none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man;"—one who had "kept the way of God, and not declined;" who had not "gone back from the commandment of his lips, but who had esteemed the words of his mouth more than his necessary food;" who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him;" who enjoyed "the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and who caused the widow's heart to sing for joy;" who "put on righteousness, and it clothed him, and whose judgment was as a robe and a diadem;" who "was eyes to the blind, and feet unto the lame;" who "was a father to the poor, and who searched out the cause that he knew not;" who "brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" who "never despised the cause of his man-servant, or of his maid-servant, when they contended with him;" who "never withheld the poor from their desire, nor caused the eyes of the widow to fail;" who "never did eat his morsel alone, and never saw any famish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering;" who never made gold his hope, or the fine gold his confidence; who never rejoiced because his wealth was great, or because his hand had gotten much; whose heart had never been secretly enticed; whose mouth had never kissed his hand; nor had suffered his mouth to sin by wishing a curse to his soul. Rare combinations these!—characteristics all which bespeak true goodness; and when viewed in connection with his simple, unaffected piety, place him far above the level of our common humanity.

His piety and his prosperity are both asserted in the opening verses of the Book. Job was no ascetic, living in separation and isolation from all around him; but a man of living sympathies and generous affections. His religion was not a system of unyielding severities; and yet it was far removed from the latitudinarian indifference which would confound or even annihilate all moral distinctions. He had a character to maintain in his family and in the world; and, therefore, while his children are in danger of losing sight of the higher relations of life amid their festivities and their sensuous indulgences, he keeps himself in sacred quiet and priestly retirement. His heart being right with God, he eschewed all evil. His piety was a life—the embodiment of all that is true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. Herein lay the force and the influence of his character.

How, then, did it happen that this best of men became the subject of such deep and crushing suffering? That his sufferings had a cause, no one may dispute. They were the sufferings of a righteous man, and yet are consistent with the righteousness of

God. How can this be reconciled? How is it possible? It is not enough to be told that suffering is the common lot of man, and that every man must lay his account with sharing the ills to which flesh is heir. We must go deeper far, and seek the solution of the problem in something better than in this commonplace every-day aphorism. The history of all nations attests the fact, that "the causes which increase or diminish suffering, the end for which it is permitted, and the lessons to be derived from it—these are not universally known; nor can they be discovered merely by the light of nature." Depending on their own unaided reason, men have ever faltered and failed in their interpretation of the ways of God to man. The grounds of this procedure are among the deep things of God, which he has revealed to us by his Spirit, and it is only as we turn to the clearer readings of the Inspired Volume that we can reach a conclusion in which the soul will calmly and confidently repose.

With the doctrine of the Stoics, that suffering is only such in appearance, we do not now stay to grapple; nor is it worth the ink to take up the atheistic notion, that it is irrational to be unwilling to submit to circumstances which are inseparable from the conditions and the limitations of finite existence. Shall we, then, take refuge in the compensations of the future world? It is true that Scripture reveals to us, as a source of comfort, that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, and that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen;" but this in no wise interferes with the fact, that the present life has its history and its meaning—that the future is but the completion and the consummation of the present, and that, just so far as we live in the present, can we rise and be blessed in the future. Unless we can see the love and the righteousness of God in all that befalls us here, no prospect which can open before us in the great hereafter will ever reconcile us to suffering. If heaven is only to make amends for earth, and the discipline of earth is not a maturing of the man for heaven, then the realms of bliss are closed against us. If God has there to make up for his conduct here, He can never ensure our love. If affliction is not in perfect harmony with His fatherly love, then eternity itself cannot alter the fact, and the fact would estrange our hearts from heaven for ever. Nor are we called to resign our will to His, as if in total or even partial ignorance of His righteousness in all His procedure. Faith is opposed to sight; but it is not therefore blind. It is in every instance a conviction; and just because it can enter a higher sphere than



that of sense, and can apprehend that which baffles reason, hence it is that the soul is brought into a state of holy acquiescence. We believe in God, and we believe in the righteousness of all His conduct, and this it is which fills the mind with a peace which deepens into perfect resignation.

To this perfect resignation Job had come, when in the beginning of the book he calmly acquiesces in the loss of every earthly good. In the removal of his children, and in the destruction of all his property, he recognised the hand of God as the Sovereign Proprietor of all which he possessed. The great truth was present to his mind, that whatever God had given, he had a right to recal in any way, and at any moment. Hence the clear ring in these his words—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." How, then, are we to explain the sudden change which came over this child of meek submission? Though he had lost first his property, and then his children, he still retained his integrity—firm and immovable he stood. When he was struck down with disease, and his own wife counselled him to withdraw his dependence on God, and seek death rather than life, his reply was but the echo of his faith—"Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not accept the evil?" In this state of child-like trust, not a word escaped his lips inconsistent with his professed faith and avowed integrity. Up to this point he had proved himself a man of rock. But, unexpectedly, and in a moment, he falls from this higher ground into the very depth of despondency and despair. When, without any apparent change in his conduct and disposition, he was subjected to the very extreme of persecution and suffering, he bore it with a fortitude more than human; but now he curses the day of his birth; calls in question the rectitude of the Divine conduct; forgets all the blessings of the past in the endurances of the present; becomes disgusted with life, and longs for the grave; turns away from man and from God, and gives himself up to a proud despair, if not to a prouder indifference. Strange enigma this—one of the mysterious problems of human life! It is when the crucible with its precious ore is subjected to the flame, that the dross rises to the surface by the very process and law of separation which is refining the silver.

Still we are far from granting that there is no solution of this difficulty. Satan, the great accusing spirit, had preferred against the patriarch this charge, that his was an interested love, that selfishness and pride lay at the root of his professed piety, and that, if he were reduced to other circumstances, his real principles and character would soon be developed. Hence the mastery which was given to him for a time over the person and the property of Job; but Job, strong in his faith, was more than equal to his adversary.

He loses his property, his children, and his health ; but the integrity of his character remains. Why, then, his subsequent unbelief and rebellion ? Satan had a correct knowledge of the man's heart, but was ignorant of the means to be employed for the correction and the overcoming of its evil tendencies. In his line of conduct, he merely touched the outer elements of the patriarch's nature. Temporal losses and bodily disease were not likely to overcome the pride of his heart. In these he had no absolute property ; and it was in perfect harmony with his creed, that the God who had bestowed those blessings had a right to recal them. Such a total and precipitate fall and ruin in a man of Job's fortune and character, at the same time bereaved of his children, and the subject of loathsome disease, could not fail to be reported far and wide by those wandering tribes among whom he dwelt. Hence, we are told, that three of his former acquaintances and intimate friends—men of position and wisdom—no sooner heard of his accumulated losses and sufferings, than they agreed to visit the patriarch, and offer him their sympathy and condolence. They are thus introduced :—

“ Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite ; for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him, and to comfort him ; and when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice and wept ; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven ; so they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him ; for they saw that his grief was very great.”

It may be quite true that these men were animated only by the best and the kindest feelings ; that their endeavour to ascertain and then remove the causes of the patriarch's calamity may have been most rational and well-timed ; that, however they erred in word or in deed, their intentions were just and sincere. Still it is difficult to conceive how these professed friends, who undertook a journey to the scene of sorrow, and came for the express purpose of administering consolation to this child of sorrow, should have sat seven whole days without ever opening their lips to him. Their silence is not to be ascribed to the depth of their sympathy. They perceived that his grief was very great, and, connecting his suffering with some great sin, they withheld their comfort till they had produced in him the consciousness of his guilt. Their looks and their manner spoke more than any words ; and in their countenances the patriarch discovered the deeper workings of their heart. Their thoughts were busy with his professed principles and



character, and they only waited for some word or act on the part of Job, which would reveal the secret, and then would be the moment for them to vindicate the ways of God. It never entered their minds that there was a falsehood in their own creed; they only cared to detect in Job the enormous evil which had brought such an amount of suffering and sorrow in its train. Job perceived all this; and, irritated to the very uttermost, he gives vent to his indignation in language the most vehement, desperate, and reckless. To all other modes of suffering he had been equal, but that this should be adduced in proof of his guilt—that he should be robbed of his righteousness, that last possession to which he had so convulsively clung, and concerning which he thus exclaims, “my righteousness do I hold fast, and will not let it go”—was too much for him. They may have been true-hearted men, filled with the generous impulses of brotherly kindness—even religious and devout; but they had wholly mistaken his character, and now looked upon him as the victim of a righteous retribution. This exasperated him yet more; and, regarding them as the expositors of the Divine procedure, he straightway vents his indignation against God, and upbraids the Power which before had inspired his love:—“Thou inquirest after my iniquity, thou searchest after my sin, yet thou knowest that I am not wicked. Why didst thou bring me forth out of the womb? Oh! that I had given up the ghost, and that no eye had seen me! Cease, let me alone; it is but a little while that I have to live; let me alone, that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return—to the land of darkness and the shadow of death.” What pathos is here; and, withal, what vehemence! It is the cry of a heart in agony, and even breaking with mortified pride.

This pride, which plumed itself with the integrity of his character, was the evil within which had to be subdued and overcome. This was not to be done by forcing upon his belief that a man's external condition is the standard by which to judge of a man's internal state—that misery implies the presence of vice, or that virtue can never be found but in company with happiness. The history of humanity contradicts any such belief. Virtue is often depressed, and vice exalted. A bad man may be surrounded by all the elements of an outward prosperity, and a good man may find himself stripped of all, and left as naked as the tree of the winter's forest. Job's friends believed that he was the subject of a deeper turpitude, because the child of many sorrows. On the contrary, he asserted his own integrity. But he was ignorant of his heart; and it was only as God began to reveal more of himself to him, that he had a deeper insight into his own inner being. With the revelation of the Infinite Holiness came the revelation

of his own heart. With this growing knowledge of himself, he ceased to answer his friends. Instead of any farther effort to vindicate his character, he becomes the subject of contrition and repentance. Humility takes the place of pride; the tumult of his soul subsides; the storm within is hushed; his faith rises into the unseen, and reposes in the love of the Righteous One; God appears on his behalf, vindicates his character, and affixes His seal to the sayings of Job as true. It was a painful lesson which the patriarch had to be taught, and he was slow to learn it. His sufferings did not subdue him, and all that his friends could say proved ineffectual. The lightning may scathe, and scorch, and destroy; but for life and perfection, we need the genial influence of the sun. Job having silenced his three friends, Elihu comes in as a mediating angel between the Holy One and his suffering servant, turns the thoughts of the patriarch into a new channel; shows him that in the family of God correction is quite as needful as instruction, that the Father of spirits afflicts us not for His own pleasure, but for our profit, and that the divinely proposed end of all affliction is the perfection of moral character. New light breaks in upon his mind. In the Righteous One, he recognizes a Being of infinite benignity and love, all whose administration is conducted on fixed and immutable principles; and the conviction flashes upon him, that His procedure must correspond with his character. Instead of arraigning His unerring wisdom, and seeking the cause of his suffering in God—in the fact of His mere sovereignty, or in His arbitrary arrangements—he turns his eye in upon himself, and finds in the depth of his own heart that pride and self-dependence which are alien from the kingdom of life, and which can have no existence there. Had his heart been as free from pride and self-confidence as his outward life had been without blemish, it would be impossible, on any principle of justice, to account for his sufferings. Conscious of his integrity, he could not, even when urged and urged again by his three friends, have confessed to any mere human transgressions without belying his deepest and truest convictions. But now that he is made acquainted with the workings of his heart, he sees enough there to lay him in the dust of humiliation, to produce godly sorrow, to prove his need of correction, to convince him of his dependence on Divine mercy, and to inspire him with confidence in the character and government of God. Now he rises to the highest ground. God asserts his integrity, justifies the position which he took, vindicates his conduct, pronounces him to have been in the right, while his three friends were in the wrong, restores him to former prosperity, lifts upon him the light of His countenance, and assures him of endless life and happiness.



With these facts before us, we cease to wonder that, standing as he did in the erectness of conscious uprightness, with death staring him in the face, charged with hypocrisy and sin, and with no living man near him to avenge his wrong or to vindicate his character, he should have shrunk from the prospect of going down to the grave under so heavy an accusation, and have therefore referred his case to another Tribunal and to a Perfect Judgment. Even on earth God might appear for him ; but if not, if the grave should close upon him, he looked joyfully forward to the day of a final and full justification:—"Oh, that my words were written ! Oh, that they were printed in a book ! that they were engraven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever ! for I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and after disease has cut down my skin, God in my nature shall I see, whom I shall see on my behalf, and mine eyes shall behold Him and not another. The thoughts of my heart are consummated !"

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### III.

## ZINZENDORF:—CHAPTER I.

### A BRIEF SKETCH FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MORAVIANS.

"EVERY man sees the world through his own window." This German proverb tells us that human life is differently mirrored in the soul of every individual ; and that each one, in portraying nature or history, paints but the reflection of his own mind.

In this story, a beautiful era opens before us in the history of God's kingdom—the foundation or renewed institution of the Moravian brotherhood by Count Zinzendorf. The Count and his work were understood by few, even in his own times ; and still less by many in our own day. Those who know the brotherhood merely by its external forms, believe them to be nothing better than a set of devotees or enthusiasts ; and their leader a crazy fanatic. They cannot understand how a man of Zinzendorf's intellect and position could choose so humble a vocation. A Count, yet a preacher of the Gospel ; a rich man, yet the servant of the poorest ; high in worldly station, and yet, for his faith's sake, despised, persecuted, and banished ! No :—an unbelieving age cannot comprehend this !

And yet the history of this brotherhood deserves to be studied, that we may enter into the life of this good man and the times in

which he acted; and this, according to the proverb, "through our own window." Close to my little village rises a sunny hill, clothed from its base to its summit with corn-fields and cherry-trees, and crowned with a beech-wood. On the skirts of the wood stands a modest dwelling, shaded by trees, erected for the comfort and repose of the wanderer. The noisy sounds of busy life do not reach that height; you hear nothing but the joyous carol of the lark and the softer murmur of the breeze, laden with the scent of blossoms in the valley below.

The eye of a stranger would probably be less attracted by the immediate vicinity of the spot than by an edifice descried amid the wood. Ronneburg Castle rises to the south-east, on a precipitous hill, and commands a charming view of the towns of Hanau, Gelnhausen, and innumerable villages, as well as of the road by which Napoleon retreated after the battle of Leipzig. The battle of Hanau must have been an imposing spectacle from this point. The ancient castle has seen many changes, and has owned many masters. About the year 1260, it was even destroyed; but was rebuilt soon afterwards in its present form, and it now stands as it stood hundreds of years ago, when Diether, Archbishop of Mayence, left it to his family, in whose possession it still remains. We gaze with wonder at the old walls, with their towers and turrets; we look with trembling into the deep well and the dreadful vaults; nor can we enter without secret awe the arched gateway leading to the castle courtyard. The sun must be high in the heavens when it illumines this damp and narrow space. But the saddest aspect of the whole is to be found between the outer walls and the castle itself. Here, from the remains of the outworks, are built up a number of miserable huts, so squalid and disgusting that they remind you of a gipsy encampment. They are the dwellings of poor Jews, who formerly found their way there—no one knows how—and whose descendants still live in them. Near them, in the porter's lodge, and in the lower rooms of the castle itself, an extraordinary rabble have found shelter, time out of mind, from different dominions, and of every variety of religious denomination, over whom, as the lord of the domain was far away, and the civil authorities farther still, a judge and ruler, chosen from among themselves, was placed to preserve peace and order as best he could. These Jews went to and fro as their various trades and occupations required; and the Christians, too, pursued their several handicrafts. On Saturday nights, and sometimes on other evenings, the singing of the Jews, who had chosen a neighbouring building for their place of worship, would echo with singularly inharmonious sounds from within the walls, penetrating the cells of the few who had assembled in twos or threes for prayer, while the separatists (self-called "The Inspired Ones") sitting in unbroken silence, waited till the Spirit should give one or other of them utterance.

Such was the Ronneburg a century ago, and such, with very little difference, it remains to this day. In 1736, Count Zinzendorf, who had been banished from Hernhutt, sent out a member of his com-



munity to seek a place where he might labour in his Saviour's service. The envoy, on his return, described the loneliness of the Ronneburg, and the singular and disorderly lives of its inhabitants. Zinzendorf decided that that was the spot he was in quest of—a place for work, with hearts to whom he could carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and which this noble spirit consecrated by his labours and by his prayers.

A little to the south of the Ronneburg, where is a narrow valley, thickly wooded on all sides but one, and which has been opened up by culture, you obtain a lovely view of Marienborn. In the middle ages, when warlike knights dwelt in the Ronneburg, Marienborn was the retreat of a community of peaceful nuns, who, driven from their former convent by its dearth of water, emigrated to what was then called Niederhausen, but was soon better known as Marienborn, or Mary's Well, from their church and convent being dedicated to the Virgin. Till within these few years a tombstone was to be seen, built into the wall of the church, bearing the effigies of a monk and a nun; the former holding a flask, the latter a loaf of bread. Tradition told of their having been walled up as the penalty of having broken their vows; and horror at their frightful doom fostered the belief that their unquiet spirits continued to haunt the scene of their guilt. In 1553, the convent was abolished, and a magnificent castle rose on the spot, surrounded by gardens and vineyards, the noble owners of which visited it occasionally, while at other times its spacious apartments were used as store-rooms and granaries.

Hither repaired Zinzendorf, when banished from Hernhutt. Being pleased with the spot, he took a long lease of the estate, and established a community of brethren in the castle. His duties frequently summoned him thence; more than once to America, to preach the Gospel to the Red Indians; and then he returned to strengthen himself for holier, harder work. Here, bishops were ordained, preachers were chosen, and youths who, from all parts of the world, were confided to the Brethren, were carefully educated. From hence were missionaries sent forth to St. Thomas, to Greenland in the icy north, to the Copts in Egypt, to the Caffres and Hottentots in Africa, and even to the Persian guebres and the Chinese. And when they were weary or sick, they were summoned to recruit themselves in this peaceful valley, where their narratives of God's mighty dealings among the heathen kindled in many youthful hearts a zeal as fervent as their own.

Pious matrons and young maidens, unfettered by domestic ties, pressed eagerly into the service, anxious to prove themselves true servants of their crucified Master among the heathen. Most of these converts, whether male or female, were of the artizan class, who, having been faithful in a few things, were honoured to do their Lord service in many things.

Had they but remained in this valley of Marienborn, where their labours were so richly blessed, they would now have been the salt of the whole district. But the space was narrow, and the castle was

overcrowded to the very roof. Members of every denomination, industrious tradespeople, studious professors, needy people who yet were rich in grace, rich merchants who placed large sums of money at the community's disposal, and begged for a resting-place there, contemplative philosophers, worn-out statesmen, noble maidens, all wished to share the privilege of belonging to the community of Marienborn.

For these reasons they gladly accepted the offer of Count Budingen to make over to them by sale an estate about two miles from Budingen. It was partly cultivated, and not far from Haag, with its church pointing to the heavens, and its high grounds to the east towering above the woods, though the Brethren's settlement lay in the plain.

Zinzendorf did not entirely approve of the spot. He foresaw the evils which would ultimately result to the congregation from their settlement there. In 1737, however, Bishop David Nitschmann and Dr. Priegelstein signed a contract with the territorial lords of Budingen, in which the latter agreed, for a certain sum paid down and a yearly tax on the land, to make over the estate of Haag to the Brethren—to be by them cultivated as they might determine. They were also to be allowed the free exercise of their religion in so far as it conformed to the Augsburg confession, and their own church discipline was guaranteed to them, including not only the appointment of their pastors, but of their police-officers, and magistrates of their own community. As the vassals or subjects of Budingen considered themselves in some degree aggrieved by this contract, it underwent some slight alterations in 1743, during the Count's absence in America.

Meantime, the barren wild became a blooming paradise; house after house sprang up, and, among others, a very beautiful one for the Count, which was also intended for congregational purposes. In a little time the population amounted to a thousand, who were drawn together solely by the desire to serve the Lord in the communion of the Brethren. They worked with their hands for their daily bread, and wrote and laboured for the benefit of the community; carrying the message of the Saviour's love to all, far and near. Brethren from Moravia and Bohemia were originally designed to be the sole settlers; but who could hinder Lutherans and Separatists from joining the congregation into which they were so eager to be received? It could be no outward advantage that drew them to the Brethren—it could only be that love to the Saviour which, at that time, pervaded the whole country like a breath of Pentecost. But the congregation received no member without strict inquiry, and many were admonished rather to remain and let their light shine in their own circle.

The fact of their receiving members, as their enemies declared, from all sects, created much prejudice against them. The independent comings and goings of their various servants and ministers, the truly fraternal union among themselves, and the settling their differences without help or counsel from without, all conspired so to



increase this misunderstanding and ill-will, that in 1750, the Brethren received orders to disperse, and Haag became once more a desolate place.

Wherever mammon has been the original bond of union, whether in friendship, in marriages, or in communities, it generally helps also to dissolve it. So it was in this instance.

But there was another cause which helped to destroy Herrnhag, and which, to this day, occasions distrust and dislike of the Moravian Brethren. A whole community possessed of one general idea, viz. that of living to and for the Saviour, of devoting and sacrificing everything to His service, naturally fell by degrees into peculiar forms and terms of expression. This was much more conspicuous among the Brethren at that time than it is now. As to the breaking up of Herrnhag, it would have been well if the Count's family had consented to it. Zinzendorf said, "I shall always consider this occurrence among my especial mercies, and *not* among those circumstances which are trying at the time, and worse in their consequences. The chastisement was hard to bear at the moment, but afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that were exercised thereby. We shall all be the better for it ultimately."

Such was the language of faith and experience. Yet we must regret the desolation which succeeded active labour and industry—the present loneliness of a spot where all had been life and energy. The traveller who now seeks the Moravian burial-ground is pained to find it a deserted waste fed down by sheep; should he search for the tablets of Zinzendorf's son, Christian Ludwig, of his oldest friends Reuss Ebersdorff, of Count Henry the 29th, and of Schrautenbach's beloved Sophie Auguste, he finds a heap of grave-stones in the hall of what was once the Brethren's house, piled one on another in a spirit of heathenish selfishness, that more ground may be obtained for culture, and turns away in grief or in tears.

But while the habitations of the Brethren are desolate, the little village of Lindheim shows, too, what great changes have taken place. We can remember it as the Brethren must have known it; have wandered through the little cells formerly occupied by the pupils, and seen the chapel in which Zinzendorf once exhorted the congregation, and David Nitschmann prepared young men for their Master's service; have seen the rooms which Schrautenbach inhabited, and in which he wrote the life of his friend and teacher—the room in which his wife died, and where her picture comforted the forsaken husband. All this has been changed, for each has tried to embellish his own little place according to his taste, regardless of past associations; but nature remains the same, and therefore the trees are still there, beneath which the Brethren strolled and meditated, and their pupils played. One of these, a stately oak, bears the inscription—"This oak was planted by Bartholomew Bruchmaur, in the year 1769." He was Schrautenbach's gardener, and a member of the community.

The history of this little village calls for praise to God, who has sent years of peace after times of horror and bloodshed. The wounds caused by the Thirty Years' War were healing, people were growing ashamed of witch-burning, and the Church was even more despised than in our own days. Some of the petitions of the pastors at that day are curious. One of them writes from Lindheim:—"May it please my gracious lords and masters to point out certain methods how to punish those who neglect coming to Church, and also to inflict a penalty on account of the universal and terrible custom of cursing and swearing."

It did not occur to such ministers that the charges might in some degree be owing to themselves. A cold orthodoxy had taken possession of the pulpit, and the people, who came hungry, were sent empty away. Many sects arose, which were joined not only by the common people, but by many of the aristocracy. For some time Spener was the centre of these sects, uniting them by the persuasive power of his piety, and bringing more vital Christianity into the houses of the nobility. His chief friends were two ladies, Benigna, Countess of Solms - Laubach, grandmother of Countess Zinzendorf, and Christiana, Countess of Stolberg Gedern, born Princess of Mecklenburg. In Lindheim, Spener was a frequent and welcome guest at the castle of Herr von Dynhausen, with whom he remained in friendship after his departure from Frankfort, though his spirit did not take root in the family. The religious element in it found no nourishment after Spener's departure, and various sects insinuated themselves. These were all such as had more or less made shipwreck of their faith, and were seeking for the philosopher's stone rather than for the chief corner-stone, even the Lord Jesus.

This time of searching for the truth and frequent aberrations from it, had its effect on a daughter of the family of Dynhausen, an intellectual and cultivated young lady of somewhat eccentric and excitable temperament. She was married to the Baron Carl Ernst von Weitelsbach Schrautenbach, Councillor of State at Darmstadt, who had a similarly restless, searching spirit. They both joined the sect known as "The Inspired Ones," whose founder was the so-called prophet Rock, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

The eldest son of this pair was Ludwig Carl von Schrautenbach, whose memory is precious in the history of the Moravians. About 1730, the Schrautenbach family became acquainted with the labours of the United Brethren, especially of their leader, Count Zinzendorf. An unwonted seriousness, a yearning after the truth, was stirring the hearts of the middle classes; and the self-sacrificing devotion of the Moravians was kindling a flame in thousands of souls anxious for their salvation. When Zinzendorf, therefore, was banished from Saxony in 1736, and took refuge in the Wetterau, at a house of a friend of Rock's, Schrautenbach offered him the shelter of his castle at Lindheim.

Zinzendorf gratefully declined the kind offer; he felt drawn towards the Ronneburg; but a sincere friendship sprang up between the two



families ; and when Zinzendorf sent his eldest son, Christian Renatus, and his young friend, Von Schachmann, under the tutorship of the Moravian brother, Johannes Nitschmann, to the University of Jena, Schautenbach placed his Ludwig under the same guidance. After some years' study, the young men returned from Jena, accompanied by a number of their teachers and fellow-students, and established a Divinity College here, at which many of the Brethren were subsequently educated. There were often several hundred students in the College : their fare was humble, their clothing simple, for they desired to prove themselves real servants of Him who knew not where to lay His head.

Young noblemen were not ashamed in those days to seek their chief distinction as humble, self-denying, laborious servants of their Lord. Zinzendorf's example—his abnegation of self, and burning love for mankind—could not but kindle corresponding fervour in others who, according to this world's judgment, were born only to govern and to enjoy. One of these, after his return from St. Thomas, was received into the congregation at Marienborn with these words : "Thou art my brother in nobility and rank ; but, on entering our community, I can offer thee no greater privileges or honours than the poorest among us." And the other did not draw back.

Schrautenbach was for many years an active member of the congregation. His mind and spirit developed wonderfully during his frequent journeys, and few of his contemporaries could vie with him in scientific acquirements and knowledge of human nature. He was sought out and esteemed by philosophers, statesmen, nobles, and princes. After the death of his beloved wife, Sophie Auguste, whom he called "his greatest earthly treasure," he withdrew more and more into solitude, and seldom took part in the Brethren's conferences ; but he continued a staunch member of their Church to his dying day, as is proved by his letters and his life of Count Zinzendorf.

This book, which unfortunately remained unpublished from 1732 to 1851, with the exception of a short extract, is a twofold monument of the greatness of the teacher and the worth of the scholar ; for in this memoir Zinzendorf appears truly apostolic in word and deed, and Schrautenbach a man in power and a child in faith.

The interval between his wife's decease and his own death was a period of usefulness in the history of this remarkable man. He was sought after by princes as their counsellor and ambassador, and visited by philosophers that they might drink of his learning. In 1779, he accompanied the Landgravine Wilhelmina, the affianced bride of the Grand-Duke Paul, to St. Petersburg, and was honourably received there by the Empress Catherine. Some years later he received at his castle of Lindheim some of the most remarkable men of his time, who came to enjoy the society of one in whom knowledge and faith were so singularly united. One of these (who wrote a book on the blessings of "Solitude," though he never experienced those blessings in his own heart)—a man of great knowledge, but who knew too little of the quietness and confidence which are our

strength—said of Schrautenbach, after his death:—"A greater head could not at that time have been found in any German court. I never met with a shrewder observer of men and their actions; a more just and exact judge of those who lived in the world, and played a prominent part in it. I never knew a soul more untrammelled, ingenuous, strong, and gentle; never an eye that more faithfully and correctly saw as far as human eye could see; never a man to whose loving heart I would sooner cling in life and in death. Simple and modest was his country-seat; his garden rustic, his meals frugal, and his solitude in the Wetterau, where he lived for heaven, was a true heaven to me!"

And where had Baron Schrautenbach learnt all this? In the school of the Moravians—in the service of the Saviour. He was the pupil of Zinzendorf, whose prayer was, "Lord, let me tell to all around how sweet it is to love Thee, to suffer for Thee, to weep with Thee, to rejoice with Thee!"

In going into the churchyard, where stands the little chapel erected to the dead, and in which is a tablet to his memory bearing this inscription—

HERE RESTS, IN HIS SAVIOUR,  
BARON LUDWIG RENATUS VON SCHRAUTENBACH  
HIS LIFE WAS A BLESSING TO HIS CONTEMPORARIES;  
HIS MEMORY ALSO IS BLESSED—

so many recollections of "the good master" crowd upon the mind, that nothing which has yet been published has done him justice; and there is much yet to be told about him and his times.

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#### THE SETTLEMENT OF THE RONNEBURG.

Till we can call the Lord our own,  
And, earth forgotten, self-subdued,  
Sit at the footstool of His throne,  
With the right spirit fast renewed;  
Far yet the narrow pathway lies,  
The covenanted goal, how far  
Gleams, in our filmed and straining eyes,  
The radiance of the morning star.

Into Thy heart of boundless love,  
Uplifted Saviour! raise me still;  
Oh! draw my every thought above,  
Thou Conqueror of the carnal will!  
That so I may be wholly Thine,  
And stedfast in Thy faith abide;  
Till I can, in Thy inmost shrine,  
This stricken, laden conscience hide.



Fade, earthly honours, from my heart '  
 Ye fleeting joys of earth, farewell !  
 For the Lord's table I depart,  
 And in His saving pasture dwell.  
 No glory but His shame can thrill  
 This pulse ; no freedom but His bands  
 I deck me with the rose which still  
 In Sharon blooms for cleansed hands.\*

It was a June evening in the year 1736. The sun was shedding its departing glories on the grey walls of the Ronneburg. The view across the valleys and over to the mountains was lovely. Not a cloudlet was in the sky ; the landscape reposed peacefully in the sunshine, as a child basks in the smile of its mother. The chimneys of the little villages at the foot of the Ronneburg already sent forth their little blue columns of smoke, showing where the housewives were preparing the evening soup. Tired labourers were returning from the fields, and flocks were seen slowly approaching the hamlets ; but the woods were still alive, the birds were carolling their last song before seeking rest, and the thrush warbled louder than any of them. Let not those who wander in the woods at early dawn, or in evening shades, be unmindful of his song ; it is a reminder to praise the Lord of heaven, who slumbereth not nor sleepeth. The sun shines on many, and the song of the birds is heard by many ; but he only has the right sight and the right hearing whose heart the Lord hath opened to see His wondrous things. But there were few such, this evening, on the Ronneburg. As in the valleys below, so also here on the heights, the wants of the body alone were being cared for. The greater part of the castle lay in deep repose. A few solitary Jews were returning home with their burdens on their backs, but none cared to look around, and enjoy the beauty of the evening. Each urgently pressed onward, eager to gain the height where rest awaited him.

On the west side of the castle, in the full glow of the setting sun, a large walnut-tree shaded part of what had once been the castle-garden. Beneath it sat a man somewhat past the prime of life, busily cutting spoons out of maple-wood. It was pleasant to watch his industrious fingers shaping them so readily. When he had given the right form to the spoon with a large knife, he took a smaller one from a little three-legged table near him, and with it carved many pretty devices on the handle, such as flowers and leaves, a heart, or a bird. Sometimes the device was two hands folded, to remind him who used the spoon that hearts should be continually raised to the Lord who giveth us our meat in due season. He had just finished one of these spoons with the folded hands, and held it up a few moments in the light ; then he folded his own, and, with a long look down into the valley, and with an expression of deep devotion on his countenance, he sang the following hymn, in a deep and mellow voice :—

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“Awake my heart—faint not, but see  
 Whence strength and peace and shelter come,  
 Almighty wings o’ershadow thee,  
 Infinite love entreats thee home.  
 God’s faithful Word shall be thy shield  
 Where the chance shafts of evil fly—  
 Thy strong rock He—the Self-revealed,  
 Whose spoken promise cannot lie.”

As he was singing the last words, a figure gently approached him, in a listening attitude. It was that of an old man with a long white beard. His small lively eyes rested first on the singer, and then on the valley beneath. He was evidently desirous of opening a conversation, but did not exactly know how to begin. However, when the other had ended his song, and was resuming his work, the old man hastily walked up to him, and said, in a voice which at once betrayed the Jew:—

“Good evening, neighbour Rothenbacher. Does your work get on well? ’Tis indeed good for one’s heart to sit up here, and see the setting sun; but still better to have the heart stored with such psalms. I have often listened to you, and would have joined in had I known the words. But there is nothing in it but what I understand and feel as well as you, for is it not all taken from the Psalms and from the Prophets?”

“I am glad you can say so, Rabbi Abraham,” replied the other, without discontinuing his work, “you can hardly believe how they refresh my soul. Each one of us carries his own little burthen of care about with him, and at times is oppressed by its weight; and were it not for the sweet texts in God’s Word, and the sweet songs good men have written on them, who have felt as we feel; ah! how could we bear up at all?”

“I am of your mind, Master Rothenbacher,” returned the old man, “but sing I cannot, and never could. How should a poor Jew sing? I would not recommend any one of us to open his mouth in the way of song, for there is not a peasant-boy that would not have his stone to throw at us, and cry out—‘Hit him, hit him! here’s a Jew that wants to sing!’ Ah, that’s why our mothers sing so softly when they lull their children to sleep; and the children grow up in the belief that they cannot sing. Yet we have been a nation rich in song; and we might be so still if your people had a heart for our people. And yet ’tis the same with a Jew’s heart as with a Christian’s—our God and Lord has made it tender, and timid, and full of yearnings for His help. Believe me, Rothenbacher, I am an old man, and lying would ill become me, many of our people are dying of broken hearts, for they are seeking something they cannot find! I have often wiped a tear from my eye when I have passed a church, and heard the organ playing, and voices singing within. And when I have been alone in these woods, and heard the evening bells, I have felt so strangely sad! Then, I have said to myself—‘What ails thee, Abraham? What wouldst thou? Hast got a wife, and child, and



shelter, and daily bread, God be thanked ! What wouldst thou more ?' Then have I thought—'It is the God of thy fathers who speaks to thee, as He spoke in the plains of Mamre and in the burning bush!'—and I have opened my heart, though without praying-rhymes ; and have felt, oh, so happy ; I cannot say how ! And thus have I often felt while listening to your songs."

"Do you know what that is, Rabbi Abraham?" softly replied Rothenbacher. "It is the voice of the Good Shepherd, who is seeking you ; Him of whom we read in Ezekiel, 'Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out as a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered ; and I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them ; even my servant David.' But the prophet who spoke this is *dead* ; and David, to whom it seems to apply, is dead also ; and yet the Scripture cannot be broken, nor its truths ever fail. Therefore the Prophet must point to him who called himself, and truly *was*, the Good Shepherd, for He laid down His life for the sheep. And even now, Abraham, He walks to and fro in heaven and on earth, which both belong to Him, seeking to win hearts to himself. He has met you sometimes, as you say, in the wood, and also up here, while listening to my songs. Harden not your heart, then, against Him, for He is very good and faithful, and of great loving-kindness to them that fear him."

"What can He do for me?" said the Jew in a still lower voice, "I am old and poor, and shall soon depart hence. If I were younger there is no knowing what I might live to see vouchsafed, both to myself and my nation. But I am old, and a stranger and sojourner in the land, as all my fathers were. What would now avail a new faith ? As I wish to lie with my people in the grave, so I also wish to rise with my people, for with them only shall I feel at home. As it is, I am giving a side-look at the Nazarene and His people, particularly those who love Him much, and that gives me a divided heart ; so let us drop the subject."

"As you will, Rabbi Abraham," said Rothenbacher, working quietly on, while a new spoon was quickly forming under his fingers. "I would, however, just make this one remark, that he who is converted to the living Saviour is *no longer* a pilgrim and stranger, but a fellow-citizen with the saints of God ; and wheresoever he may be, he feels at home. Tell me, I pray you, am I among my own people ? Where I was born, the mountains touch the clouds, and another language is spoken. We serve the Lord, also, with different forms ; and yet, as I have often told you, I feel at home here, till it shall please God to call me to my home above. 'For here we have no continuing city.' Therefore, having our daily bread, and a friend for the hour of adversity, therewith should we be content. That friend have you been to me, Rabbi Abraham ; the Lord reward you for it ! Think not, because I live close, and often pass you with a slight greeting, that I have forgotten your kindnesses. I remember you in my daily prayers, and so does my Magdalena. Well I re-

member, when we lay in the little hut in the wood yonder, I, wearied almost to death, and my poor wife sick of a fever. Every door was closed against us, for the pastor had warned his people to beware of the Salzburg heretics, and our speech bewrayed us. Not even a crust of bread could I get for the asking! It was just about the time when the bilberries ripen, so I brought out my stricken one, and nourished her here with the juicy berries. But what more could I do? I laid my case before the Lord, and besought Him to help us as He helped Hagar in the wilderness and Elijah beside the brook Cherith. Just then you came by, and opened your wallet, and gave us bread, never asking what creed we were of; and you carried my bundle, while I supported my sick wife along, and you paid for us at the inn. And as we emerged from the mountains, and the valley of Rinzig lay before us, you said, 'See yonder, the Ronneburg, where I dwell! There, also, is shelter for you. They who live about there are all of your faith, and those who have been kind to them will be kind to you also.' "

"What of all that?" said the Jew, with a little impatience. "What was a morsel of bread given to a hungry wayfarer, and a word or two of comfort spoken to a sorrowful heart? I have not brought you here into very choice society! One would think these old walls were meant to hold the refuse of every nation and language. I almost owe you an apology for bringing you into such company. But a new guest has joined us now, and a Count into the bargain! Have you seen him about here?"

"No," said Rothenbacher; "when he came from Marienborn I was about my trade in the town. But my wife tells me he is a handsome, noble-looking man, with such a kindly look in his eye that you cannot help being drawn to him. She says, that when he first came, he spoke freely to the people, and especially to the children, about God's Word, but that when he proceeded to question them, they only stood gaping and grinning."

"Just like them," said the Jew, with disgust. "The Count may be a good man, and an able one, but rely on it that here he is completely out of his place. Just think! what could he do with lame Fried the fiddler, his dragon of a wife, and his good-for-nothing children? Do you think the Muscovite will refrain from drinking, or have any respect for a Count? On the contrary, I believe he would give his wife an extra beating to prove the reverse. To say nothing of my own people, who are not altogether of the best, what is he to make of those women who live in the hole they call 'the dog-kennel?' True, they are only at home by night, except on rainy days; but when it *does* rain, the whole castle is ready to pray for fine weather! Did not Schuchart, the magistrate, worthy man, turn out black Greta the other day, with all her goods and chattels? What good was it? When night came on and the gates were shut, she set up such frightful howls that, as you know, he was obliged to call out to the gate-keeper: 'For goodness' sake, let the jade in, or she will do some hurt to herself or others!' I'd have risked it,



though! And then there are our fine gentlemen, who call out to us when we meet them:—‘Out of my way, Hebrew!’ I wonder if their prophet of Marienborn, Master Rock, has said this is the way we are to be treated? I tell you what,” continued the Jew, bending down, and eagerly whispering, “these ‘inspired ones’ are absolute thorns in my side! they are the very nails in my coffin! All my eighty years’ experience of shame and insult are as nothing compared with the dishonour I have to accept from a Trautmann, an Albig, or a fellow like Kaspar! Since Rock’s declaration that this spot is to be ‘the resting-place of the elect,’ they have been coming up in swarms, and driving us quite into a corner, not scrupling to hint that we shall shortly have to turn out altogether. But no prophet of them all shall turn *me* out of the Ronneburg! Here I was born, eighty years ago, and here will I die. Nor am I pleased that this new comer should take up with such people. I have seen them walking about together, and heard them *thee-ing* and *thou-ing* as if they were all of a sort. But what matters it all? I have borne my yoke nearly the appointed time—my Zadoc may live to see how it all ends.”

“But who is this stranger? whence comes he, and what does he here, Rabbi Abraham?” inquired Rothenbacher. “With so many fair towns and villages to choose from, why should he pitch on a spot like this?”

“That’s the mystery!” returned the Jew. “There’s something peculiar about the man and his accompaniments. He has a number of fine gentlemen with him, and heaps of servants; and, moreover, is going to send for his wife and children.”

“To live up here?” exclaimed Rothenbacher. “Nice companions the young Counts and Countesses will have.”

“Ah! there’s something in the wind that I can’t make out,” said the Jew. “The other day, as I was starting for Marienborn, I just glanced up at the castle as I passed under it, to see if any one were looking out (for we all have our little bit of curiosity), when, all at once, I found myself accosted by a pleasant, lively-looking lad, with whom I at once began talking. He told me his name was Melchior, that he was a Moravian Brother, and that his master was Count Zinzendorf, who, for his faith’s sake, was banished from Saxony, and that they were come here to win souls for Christ. Now, understand that who can! it hangs too high for me. A Count, and banished, that I can make out; but, for his faith’s sake, that goes beyond me. Our gracious masters round about have something else to do, I fancy, than to suffer persecution for their faith. That is left for us poor Jews, and for ‘the inspired ones.’ But good and faithful servants the Count must at least have about him, if that young Melchior were a sample.”

Here the dialogue ceased. The sun had set, but the mountains yet glowed in the evening light. The Salzburger laid aside his work, and, with folded hands, gazed pensively at the glorious sky. Scene after scene of his agitated life rose before his mind’s eye—his hard, daily struggle for existence, his banishment to a strange land,

the home of his early childhood, all weighed with unusual heaviness on his heart this evening; and an indescribable sadness took possession of his heart.

The sound of the evening bell rose from the valley below; a second followed, and then a third seemed to answer them both. The exile covered his face with his hands and wept. But, through his tears, he seemed to see the bow of peace in the evening clouds, and to hear the Lord's voice saying:—"This is a sign of peace between thee and me; the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, nor the covenant of my peace be removed."

The promises of the eternal Word returned to his memory and his heart, and one of the hymns he used to sing in his mountain-home sprang to his lips to comfort and cheer him:—

"Why need we mourn, as in despair,  
And grieve, both day and night?  
On Him we'll cast our every care,  
Who gave us life and light."

As the evening star rose in the purpling west, and glistened through his tears, a hand was gently laid on his shoulders, and a soft voice said:—

"God's greeting to thee, David! It is the hour of rest. Come home and enjoy what God gives us in this strange land. The sun sets here as beautifully as it does the Bühl on the Salzach, and we know One who is brighter than the sun, and our heart's Morning Star!"

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#### IV.

### SCOTTISH SOCIAL LIFE.

THERE is a class of writers abroad in the present day who think themselves able, without any special study, to see at once to the bottom of whatever subject happens to emerge into public notice; and who, in consequence, are for ever giving forth their deliverances about men and things with an air so oracular that an unsophisticated reader can hardly help now and then being taken in by them. Certain brilliant Essayists, who each week are good enough to show to the people of England their miserable weaknesses and stupidities, are the most notable representatives of this class. To say that a *Saturday Reviewer* can talk of all manner of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, and all manner of men, from the king in his chamber to the costermonger in the street, is to



say little. The fact is, he knows more about each than all of us put together; and even the famous traveller who, ignorant of all other things, kept alive his self-respect by reflecting that he at least knew something about *leather*, would soon have had it made plain to him by one or other of these young gentlemen—who, being able, let us suppose, to “speak Greek,” are of course (the greater including the less) thoroughly acquainted with everything else—that he laboured under an entire delusion.

These acute and wide-awake young men (with whom it is much to be feared Wisdom will die) cast an eagle glance occasionally across the Tweed, and take severe though disdainful notice of Scottish affairs. Our northern neighbours are to them “outer barbarians.” Some of them, indeed, like the ladies mentioned by Sir John Bowring, whom, because they had lived for a season in Canton, certain Chinese gentlemen were willing to regard as semi-civilized—some of them having wandered as far as Cambridge, and there happily encountered “Us,” have taken on a little polish. But the “wut,” and the morals, and the religion\* of the remainder are such as to sink the country below the level of the most benighted British dependency. Homer himself, however, is allowed the privilege of nodding occasionally. And in that case it need not be matter of great surprise if the *Saturday Review* should now and then speak nonsense. The thing, of course, happens rarely; but, just to show that a circumstance so unlikely may occur, there can be no harm in giving an example.

Some time ago, very painful disclosures were made respecting the prevalence of illegitimacy in Scotland; and these, taken in connexion with what was previously known about the amount of whisky consumption, seemed to suggest the existence of an exceedingly lax state of morality in the country generally. All the newspapers, on both sides of the Border, immediately came forth with leaders; and, among the rest, the *Saturday Review* favoured the world with its reflections. These were to this effect:—that the immorality of Scotland was the result of a reaction from the unnatural restraints of its gloomy religion—that the people, breaking from the tyranny of the Church, had run, as might have been expected, into gross excesses—and that, in point of fact, there had occurred in the 19th century what had happened in the days of Charles the Second, when, after the Puritanic compression of the Commonwealth time, there followed the licentious abandonment of the era of the Restoration. The theory looked wonderfully plausible. The Scotch used to get the character and credit of being a religious people. How did it happen that, as it seemed, their character had become wholly changed? The explanation of the reaction was just

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\* “A Scotch councillor,” says one of the young gentlemen, in a late number, “is an animal consisting three parts of a strong belief in Predestination and one part of a strong liking for whisky-toddy.” Yes! and, of course, all Scotchmen have red hair, wear the kilt, and feed on sheeps’ heads!

the one to strike a would-be philosophic mind, addicted to looking indolently at all things from the *à priori* point of view, and not concerned about ascertaining the actual facts of the antecedent history. And when, in favour of such a theory, so plausible in itself, there could be adduced also a famous historical parallel, the case appeared too clear to require any array of additional witnesses; and, with all the sublime assurance of one who is dealing with an axiom, "the brilliant Essayist" laid down the law, that John Knox, and the men of like mind that followed him, were responsible for the immorality and intemperance of their unhappy country.

Now, we venture to say that if the writer of this nonsense had put himself to the trouble of inquiring a little into the simple facts of the case, instead of relying upon the not always unerring intuitions of his own mind, he would never have put on paper what, to many, can have had no other effect than that of confirming a suspicion, which appears to be gaining increased currency—that the *Saturday Review* is very nearly as shallow as it is bitter. The sober truth is, that there has been in Scotland no such sudden revulsion of feeling as happened in Charles the Second's time. Whatever be the state of society in the country now, it has become what it is after years of slow and deliberate growth. And if it be asked what has been the relation of the Church to the social disorders which surround it, we unhesitatingly answer that they began and gained strength with its decay, and they are now diminishing, and will, we trust, finally disappear as it attains to its pristine vitality and vigour. This is not a point of such a doubtful and uncertain kind that two men, equally competent to judge, may honestly differ about it. It is one of those marked, manifest, surface facts, in reference to which all well-informed persons are agreed. The decline of Scottish morality was occasioned not by the people becoming religious overmuch, but by the other thing; not by the Puritanic grip becoming so firm as to be intolerable, but by its becoming fatally lax and feeble. The covenanting spirit of Scotland died slowly out. \* As the result of a secularizing policy, exercised within the Church itself, its Puritanism gradually became extinct; and it was when that change in the temper and character of the nation had been achieved—when spiritual life languished, and when ecclesiastical discipline had become a dead letter—that there sprang naturally up that plentiful crop of immoralities which have since-made the scene of them a byeword and a reproach. It is, however, an admitted fact that, for the last twenty years or so, things have been greatly and manifestly improving. In every department of social life the tendency is unmistakeably upward. And how is this? *The change for the better is mainly due to a revival of that very kind and style of religion, to a recoil from which, according to some, is directly attributable the moral decay under which the country has long so severely suffered.* In a word, however mysterious and illogical the thing may be, it is a well-ascertained fact, that the religion and the morality of Scotland, instead of being mutually abhorrent and antagonistic (as a *Saturday*



*Reviewer* would say,) are so closely and vitally allied that they have for ever stood and fallen together.

In considering such a subject as the Social Life of a people, a variety of things requires to be taken an account of—as, for example, their habits and circumstances; the state of education among them; their national character and history; the relation of the classes; and the nature of the agencies which are at work, whether for evil or for good. In what is to follow of this Paper, we shall have occasion probably to refer, more or less particularly, to most of these; but, as all we can attempt here is not a thorough discussion of the subject, but merely a rapid glance at some of its more salient features, we shall notice them not under separate heads, but just as they may happen to present themselves as we proceed in our review.

So much has been said about Scottish Intemperance, that we can hardly help speaking of it in the first place. Mr. Maclaren,\* in his “Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland,” has collected together a great deal of curious information bearing upon this subject. He proves, for example, that *ale* and the light wines of the Continent formed originally the national drink north of the Border. In evidence of the cheap rate at which the latter could be had some three centuries ago, he mentions that John Knox, whose stipend never exceeded £22 4s. 5d. of our money, “drew from his own pipe of claret the day before he died;” and he gives tables which appear to show that, even up to the middle of the eighteenth century, the quantity of ale consumed must have been eight times greater per head than the quantity now consumed. When whisky was first introduced into Scotland, it was used only as a medicine, and was kept strictly under the lock and key of the medical practitioners. An Act of the Town Council of Edinburgh, dated 1st July, 1505, is still extant, which declares and provides “that na persoun, man nor woman, within this burgh, *mak nor sell any aquavitæ* within the samyn, except the said maisteries, brethren, and freemen of the crafts [members, as we should now say, of the Royal College of Surgeons,] under pain of the escheat of the samyn.” This monopoly, however, had a merely local range, and probably did not last very long. The use of “*aqua vitæ*,” or whisky, became gradually more general; and in 1743, when a license-duty was for the first time imposed, there were to be found 828 persons who aspired to the dignity of retailers. This was not a large number. In Glasgow alone, at the present day, there are twice as many. But, few as they were, the tax of £1 per head was felt to be intolerable; and in the following year the number of spirit-retailers fell to 346. During the succeeding half-century the trade fluctuated considerably. In the year of the rebellion—the famous ’45—there were only 255 public-houses (licensed) in all Scotland; in 1780, there were as many as 1,358; but up to the fatal year of 1794, the condition of affairs ap-

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\* “Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland,” by Duncan Maclaren, Esq. Glasgow.



pears to have been such as fully to bear out Mr. Maclaren's assertion that, if drinking was common in Scotland, then the material used must have been something other than the fiery element of whisky. During that year, however, the fatal change was made in the licensing law from which may be dated the rapid growth of the whisky-drinking propensities of Scotchmen. The enactment referred to permitted licenses to be granted to retailers of aqua vitæ alone at the reduced rate of 20s. in the Highlands and 40s. in the Lowlands, instead of the former graduated high rates (£7 2s. to £4 14s.). The effect was magical. There were taken out during that year 4,397 of these cheap whisky licenses, in addition to the 1,304 general licenses which authorized the sale of foreign as well as British spirits. In this way the number of public-houses in Scotland was increased to 5,701, or *five-fold in a single year*; and each of the new publicans became the centre of a circle from which the people were taught to drink whisky in preference to all other exciseable liquors. The melancholy effects of these new influences soon became apparent. The craving for whisky seemed to become literally a national characteristic; and, with the enlarging demand, the supply went on portentously to increase. In 1815, the licensed houses numbered 8,469; in 1824, there were 11,134; and in 1829-30-31, they exceeded 17,200. At this point things had become so bad, that the public attention was forcibly arrested. "Thoughtful people became seriously alarmed at the increase of drunkenness; and great efforts were made in various quarters to induce the burgh magistrates, and the justices of the peace for counties, to reduce the number of public-houses." These endeavours were, so far, successful. During the eight years ending in 1839, the number of public-houses decreased to even 16,000. In 1846, they fell to 15,000, and in 1855, they were reduced to 12,591. The tendency, we believe, is still downwards; and is one of the proofs that, just as have been many of the reflections made of late on the character of the Scottish people, these reflections would be better sometimes of being mixed with a little charity and discrimination.

To pretend that drunkenness does not prevail to an unhappy extent in Scotland would be absurd. The fact is patent, not merely from the Excise returns, but from the exhibitions which too often meet the traveller's eye as he passes through her towns and cities. No Scotchman even—unless his peculiar *amor patriæ* is aroused—will for a moment argue that there is not this spot at least in his sun. But perhaps even the better charity of English people now and then suffer themselves to be misled by writers of a certain school into drawing inferences from the fact which are unjust alike to the moral character of the Scottish nation, and to the cause of Evangelical Religion, with the maintenance of which it is most intimately associated. An intense love for whisky, and an intense zeal for the better observance of the Sabbath, manifest themselves within the same country. "What," ask *Punch* and the *Times*, and for that matter even the *Edinburgh Scotsman*—"what

possible conclusion can we come to in the face of that? None else than this: that religious hypocrisy must flourish there like a green bay-tree." If others don't speak out quite so plainly, they have probably an uncomfortable feeling in their minds that a sort of antinomianism must prevail in a certain degree across the Border. Now, it is of some importance, we think, that this matter be fully understood; and we would ask the reader's attention for a moment to a side of the question, which such writers as have been referred to generally overlook.

In the first place, it is unfortunate for themselves that the national drink of the Scotch happens for the last seventy years or so to have been *whisky*. If it had continued to be *ale*, quite as much money might have been spent upon it, and perhaps quite as much harm might have been done both to body and soul; but the intoxicating power of the latter element being greatly less than that of the former, its visible effects would have been less conspicuous, and would have attracted less attention. This remark is not made, of course, by way of justifying our neighbours north of the Border; we offer it simply to bring out the fact that, much as has been said about Scottish Intemperance, the probability is that the love of drink exists to quite as great an extent in England. Happily, it will be said, beer is our national drink. We make ourselves muddy and stupid, in place of becoming violent and obstreperous. Very well. Let it be conceded that the advantage is so far on our side, but only when the question to be considered is looked at purely and simply from a moral point of view.

Another thing which ought in fairness to be considered is this, that whisky-drinking in Scotland has long since reached its climax. For the last twenty years, the Scotch have been becoming less and less deserving of the name of an intemperate people. This is a fact, for which every sort of evidence can be furnished. There is the evidence of figures, for example. The number of public-houses has diminished. The number of commitments for drunkenness has greatly decreased. And from the Parliamentary returns, it seems clear that there is a greatly lessened consumption of intoxicating drink. But it is not needful to consult the Blue Books to be satisfied that great improvements have been taking place. That is patent from the character of the public sentiment, and from the changed customs of ordinary society. Lord Cockburn, in the "Memorials of his Times," tells us what the higher classes were in his day. For a lord or laird to get drunk then was noble. That is not a common opinion now. A similar change for the better has taken place among the middle classes; and if things are far from being satisfactory, yet among the lower orders of the community the tendency of the times is all in the direction of their elevation.

But, further, in judging of the morale of a nation, it is reasonable to remember the principle on which you form as full an estimate of the moral character of any individual man. He may have inherited constitutional tendencies of an evil kind, and these propensities may



have led him to lead a not altogether consistent life. But suppose you saw a contest begin in his nature between passion and principle, and that it became increasingly obvious that, while the former was waning, the latter was growing in strength, you would no longer have the right to describe that man as essentially immoral, or to denounce him as a hypocrite, if in his progress to victory some blots or blurs still continued to appear. And even so in regard to a community. The question to be considered is not only what has been its character, but what is it doing to get that character changed? If this inquiry were made in a candid spirit in regard to Scotland, it would, we believe, be found that if Intemperance still prevails to an unhappy extent, the remedial measures employed for its removal exist in great force likewise. We need only refer, in proof of this, to the fact that all the great Church organizations of the country have their "Committees on Intemperance;" that the public sentiment demanded, and still sustains, a restrictive measure (the Forbes Mackenzie Act), which has lessened considerably the power of the public-houses to do mischief; and that in the much-abused city of Glasgow, there is the head-quarters of a Temperance Enterprise, whose influence extends from John o'Groats to Portpatrick. This last-mentioned institution, the Scottish Temperance League, was called into being some fifteen years ago for the express purpose of stemming the fearful tide of drunkenness, which threatened to floor the law; and its annual register (1860,) which is now before us, furnishes the most direct evidence of the spread of a reactionary spirit. It is an organization composed of nearly 400 separate societies, scattered over the entire country. It supports three periodicals—a quarterly review, a weekly journal, and a monthly magazine for the young—all conducted with great tact and ability. It issues, moreover, an immense number of tracts, and during the last few years it has published several works of far more than ephemeral interest; such, for example, as *Alcohol: its Place and Power*, by Professor Miller, of Edinburgh. Whatever we may think of the distinctive principles of this association—that of entire abstinence from intoxicating drink—it is impossible to contemplate its actual dimensions and the amount of its income (£8,000 a-year,) not to speak of the notorious energy which has marked its whole proceedings, without coming at least to the conclusion, that if Scotland is still an intemperate country, it is not absolutely destitute of all recuperative power.

A far more painful subject, in connection with Scottish Social Life, is that of the prevalence of unchastity. It is more painful, because there is less to say in explanation of it, and less substantial grounds of hope in regard to the mitigation of the evil. From an excellent "Address upon Illegitimacy to the Working Men of Scotland, by John M. Strachan, M.D., Dollar," we quote the following appalling statement, which professes to describe things as they are:—"In Scotland 9 per cent. of the births are illegitimate; in England, Sweden, Norway, and Belgium, 6 per cent.; in France and Prussia, 7 per cent.; in Denmark and Hanover, 9 per cent.; and in Austria,



11 per cent. After a careful consideration of the records of my own practice for many years, and of the registers of this and the neighbouring parishes, I am convinced that of the first children among the working classes not fewer than ninety out of every hundred are either illegitimate, or are saved from this reproach only by the marriage of the parents within a short period of the birth of the child; or, to put this in other words, that nine out of every ten women of this class are unchaste. But as even among married women, one out of every ten have no children, we are almost forced to the conclusion, that amongst women of the working class few or none preserve their chastity till their marriage."

This description is so dreadful, that we are strongly inclined to think it exaggerated. At any rate, it is professedly a portion only of the specified section of the country; and as it is one of the many singular facts connected with this plague-spot, that its blackness varies very considerably in different districts, we may venture to assume that Dollar, and the neighbouring parishes, are above the average in respect of immorality. Still, there is no possibility of escaping from the fact, that on the whole the per-centage of illegitimacy in religious Scotland is higher than it is in France; and that this is a state of matters which is sufficiently deplorable and perplexing.

Dr. Strachan indicates the following as some of the causes which may account for the prevalence of the evil—limited accommodation in the houses of working men—the coarseness and indelicacy of language that is often permitted even in the family circle—the low moral tone of feeling which prevails among young working men in regard to female delicacy and chastity—and the manner of courtship that is customary among the working classes. Some very plain and practical remarks are made upon all these points, especially upon the last of these, which has, we believe, more to do with the point than many of the others. That is to say, our inquiry being not why should immorality exist at all, but why should it prevail to such an extent in *Scotland*? we want to know the specialities in the habits of the people, which may help to explain the excess; and this, the manner of their courtships, is undoubtedly one of the natural peculiarities which operate most powerfully for evil. Insufficiency of house accommodation, rough speech, and low tone of feeling, are elements of corruption which are working in many lands. But we have heard of no country in which the love relations of the sexes are so censurable and shocking. It seems almost incredible that such a thing should be, but we are assured that, in agricultural districts especially, the picture is to the very life. "If," says Dr. Strachan, "a young woman has no acknowledged lover, she receives the visits, probably, of many young men, who may be courting her, as it is called—she does not know whether with serious intentions, or not, and it is as likely as not that they have no serious intentions in the matter. She receives them in secrecy, at late hours, very probably getting out of bed for the purpose; she spends hours with them

alone, and in the dark." What can be expected of such a monstrous state of matters as this? We earnestly trust that the full light of public opinion shall be turned upon the point; and that no such considerations as the delicacy of the subject shall prevent those who are interested in the social elevation of the working classes, from labouring to put an end to a system which not only tends to immorality, but which is itself immoral in no ordinary degree.

To Dr. Strachan's four "causes" one or two others may perhaps be fairly added. The Registrar's returns show that while the number of births in England and Scotland bear a fair proportion to one another, the number of *marriages* do not do so. Why should there be fewer marriages (in proportion) in Scotland than in England? We have heard several reasons suggested. Some attribute it to the greater poverty of the people. But this (supposing it to be true that the working classes of the one country are poorer than those of the other) can hardly be taken by itself as settling the matter; for poverty alone does not always ensure celibacy, as witness the Irish, who many of them marry on sixpence a-day. The other element, however, which from the days of Sir Richard Moniplies downward has been held to complete the Scottish national character—*pride*, or we shall say, to put it in a less objectionable form, *prudence*, may have something also to do with it. Poverty and prudence! It is at least possible that these may in part explain why the working men of Scotland do not marry so generally as their brethren on this side of the Border. If this be true, we can only add, alas! that poverty should so often show that it is not allied to principle! Alas! that prudence should so frequently give place to passion!

We have heard another explanation, however, of the comparative fewness of Scottish marriages. It is that in country districts there is a positive scarcity of houses. Clearances are not confined entirely to the Highlands. A friend of our own, who lives in a Lowland rural district, with which, in earlier days, we were ourselves intimately acquainted, mentioned to us, within the last two months, the names of three small hamlets which, within our own recollection, had been inhabited by a number of families, but which the proprietor had suffered to fall to ruin. "The young people of my neighbourhood," added my friend, "literally cannot now find places in which to begin housekeeping." Now, the hindrances which exist to marriage form no justification of immorality; but if there is any truth in such statements as these, we may, at least to some extent, account to ourselves for its prevalence in Scotland.

What hope is there for the future in regard to this matter? It must be confessed that, so far as anything very positive is concerned, not much can yet be said. We are not aware that the percentage of illegitimacy has as yet sensibly decreased; nor have we heard of any such decided measures being taken as might promise speedy reformation: still we expect much from the simple fact that the eye of the country has now been fairly turned upon the blot. We expect much, for two reasons: *first*, because it can be proved that an elevated



public sentiment in any community tells most powerfully upon this department of its morals; and *second*, because for very shame the Churches must become more faithful in the exercise of discipline, which cannot but in time have its effect also. The influence of public opinion in diminishing illegitimacy is strikingly illustrated in many parts of Scotland. It is well known that in certain fishing communities, not remarkable otherwise for good behaviour, female unchastity is exceedingly uncommon; and what is more strange, there are sometimes to be found contiguous parishes, in one of which births are constantly occurring out of wedlock, while in the other such births occur rarely, and at long intervals. And when you come to inquire why this difference should be, you can find no deeper explanation of it than just this, that in one place the fall of a woman "is nothing thought of," while in the other it is reckoned a burning disgrace. The Scottish people ought to be thankful that this blur in their escutcheon has been so thoroughly exposed. However severely the representatives of the press have spoken out upon the subject, they have just been subserving the very same end as that which Dr. Strachan has in view in his excellent address—the creation of a state of public feeling which shall, we may hope, ultimately tell even upon the districts where the tone of morality is lowest and most debasing. But we hope much, also, from the growing fidelity of the Churches. It has been more than once suggested that the cause of illegitimacy should be classified according to the ecclesiastical connections of the parties concerned. The thing could be easily done; and we can conceive of various useful purposes which might be served thereby. In the meantime, it is instructive to mark that in countries where Evangelical Religion has long prevailed (as Ross and Sutherland, for example,) the per-centage of immorality is lowest, while in those districts which have been for generations the strongholds of *moderation* (as Banff and Bute,) the per-centage, as might have been expected, reaches its maximum. The power of the Churches to breathe a purer life into the social system cannot for a moment be doubted. We have at this instant in our eye a parish in which, sixteen or seventeen years ago, a pure marriage was seldom or ever solemnized, yet in which now, very much through a judicious exercise of the divine ordinance of discipline, an illegitimate birth seldom occurs. While, therefore, we would in the most kindly spirit call upon the country at large to arouse itself, that this foul blot on the national honour may be removed, we would call upon the Scottish Churches especially to do their part also in the matter.

Another great social question which has of late especially excited much attention in Scotland, respects the condition generally of agricultural labourers. "The Rev. Harry Stuart, Minister of Owthlow, read some years ago an elaborate paper on the subject before the Forfarshire Agricultural Association; that paper was afterwards published in pamphlet form, and produced apparently a very good impression—so much so, that as one of the fruits of it there was shortly after organized a most influential Association for promoting



Improvement in the Dwellings and Domestic Condition of Agricultural Labourers in Scotland." We are unable to report particularly regarding the operations of this Society. We can fancy that it is not the less busy in good-doing, because it is not foisting itself continually on the attention of the world. Our only fear respecting its utility arises from the consideration that it is just a little too high and mighty—for its having—one prince, four dukes, five earls, ten baronets, not to speak of one marquis, three barons, and no end of squires among its office-bearers.

Outside, however, of this aristocratic Association, the same subject has been taken up in an earnest spirit by other bodies. One of the most interesting social papers we recollect to have seen, is a report referring mainly to this matter, given in by the Rev. Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, to the last General Assembly of the Free Church. By both this gentleman and Mr. Stuart, what is reckoned the grand curse of the Scottish rural districts is what is called *the Bothy System*, the plan of lodging a number of ploughmen and other labourers, generally unmarried, and of either sex, in a hut or outhouse, called a "Bothy," and thus virtually rendering all the humanizing influences of life impossible. "Various causes," says Dr. Begg, "are assigned in the returns for the introduction of Bothies at first. In many of them the cause is said to have been the introduction of improved farming, the throwing of several farms into one, and the demolition of the old cottages, as being no longer necessary under the new system of husbandry—nay, as being likely to harbour a population that might become burdensome in the way of poor-rates. Bothies for unmarried men supplied the lack of cottages, and were supposed to be less dangerous in respect to pauperism. It is also frequently alleged in the returns that the cause of the Bothies has been the elevation of the social position of the farmer and of his family, in consequence of which it became impossible for master and man-servant any longer to sit at the same table, as in more primitive times. And some allege that the cause has been the unreasonable and discontented spirit of the servants themselves, who became in consequence disagreeable inmates of the farmers' houses, and required to be thrust out into a separate place. There is probably truth in all these suggestions."

The effects of this system are shown to be in the highest degree demoralizing. Dr. Begg's report is made up of returns sent in from all parts of the country, and he says:—"The nearly unanimous testimony of these returns is to the effect that almost every form of moral evil has sprung from the Bothy System—and, especially, that it has been a great foster-parent of Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and illegitimacy in the districts in which it prevails!"

The remedy for this state of things lies chiefly in the hands of the proprietors. Farm libraries, newspapers, Bothy teachers, and other moral appliances may help to lessen the evil, but they can never cure it. There must be *better houses* as the basis of all thorough improvement. And on the 10th of January, 1854, the noblemen and gen-

tlemen forming the Association above referred to seemed to be very fully aware of the fact. Mr. Stuart gives in an Appendix to the Second Edition of his Essay, a Report of the Proceedings of a Public Meeting held in Edinburgh on that day; and from it we learn, that the Duke of Buccleuch, who was in the chair, gave expression to a good deal of strong and wholesome language. "I confess, for my own part, and I am ashamed to say it, that I can show as bad specimens of cottages—I believe, also, in some cases, as bad specimens of Bothies, as can be found in any part of Scotland. I say that to my shame. But at the same time, I will not blink the question. If I attack others for the state that their houses are in, I will not allow any person to say that I have concealed the condition of my own. We must consider the effect this has on the moral condition of our peasantry. Many of them are very well educated, and some of them have considerable natural refinement of mind. But really, when a man has a feeling of refinement and is well educated, if he lives in a house that any person might hesitate to put his pigs in, you cannot expect that he can be otherwise than discontented with his lot." "I appeal to any landlord, factor, or tenant, if what I am stating is not the case. How can you expect that when men, women, and children are all huddled together in one apartment, or in two apartments, it should be otherwise than that all self-respect is lost, and that the delicacy of feeling which ought to exist is destroyed?" "Gentlemen, we shall do nothing with this Association, if it be merely an Association for puffing and extolling—for giving premiums to this man—and puffing that man—for extolling this man and extolling the other. We must look the evil, such as it is, straight in the face." "I am afraid I have said several things which are very unpalatable, and which will not be liked; but I cannot help it—I feel strongly on the subject, and I cannot but state what I feel!" These are strong and healthy words from the premier duke of Scotland; and we rejoice to say that the earnest feelings manifested on this occasion by him have not evaporated in smoke. Improvements of an extensive nature have, we understand, been made in the houses of his large estates; and the one regret is, that his example, and that of Lord Kinnaird, in regard to this matter, have been so little generally followed. Still things are tending, although slowly, in the right direction; and we trust that by and bye public opinion may become so influential and constraining, as to compel even the most selfish and inconsiderate among the lairds to think as much of the comfort of their cottages as of the ventilation of their byres and their stables.

We had intended, in conclusion, to have noticed at some length what is intimately and vitally connected with the subject of this paper—the State of Religion and Education in Scotland; but our space has been so fully occupied by a review of other relative matter, that we must be content with merely setting down one or two of the facts which were brought out at the census of 1851.

It appears, then, that in Scotland there are upwards of thirty diffe-



rent Religious Sects, a number of them, however, being so small as to have no more than one congregation each. The three most powerful bodies are the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church; the first containing 34 per cent.; the second 32 per cent.; and the third 18 per cent. of the Church-going population. From the Census Returns, it would appear that the church accommodation is *considerably greater than can be used*, and that not more than one-half of it is actually made use of. This singular state of affairs, however, is due in great measure to the disruption of 1843, since when nearly a thousand new places of worship have been erected. And this statement must not be regarded as if it proved that nowhere are new ecclesiastical buildings urgently required; for in many a rural parish there are now two churches, any one of which would be adequate for the accommodation of the whole inhabitants, while in districts of growing cities and new manufacturing villages, there are no church edifices of any description. On the Census Sunday, the proportion of persons who attended church to *population*, was less than a third in the morning, and rather more than a fifth in the afternoon. This proportion is somewhat higher than in England. But it reveals a state of things not altogether flattering to a country where at least the profession of religion was once supposed to be very nearly universal. At the same time, it must be admitted that figures do not always convey an accurate impression either of the social or religious condition of the district. Regard must be had also to the spirit and enterprise of those who make the reforming element in the mass; and, looked at in this light, the religious future of Scotland is very far indeed from being unhopeful. The Free Church is the only body whose whole income and expenditure are submitted to public inspection, and we cannot therefore speak so definitely of the life and energy of the other denominations; but it is certainly a significant fact, indicative of the presence in the heart of the Scottish people of a decided re-actionary tendency, to say the least of it, from religious indifference, that that one sect has for nearly twenty years raised voluntarily for the support and spread of the Gospel the large annual sum total of £300,000.

It is greatly to be feared that the Educational reputation of Scotland is still, to a very great extent, merely traditional. The number of its schools may, indeed, bear still a fair enough proportion to the population, and the quality of the instruction given in them is, without a doubt, vastly improved. But, along with the moral and religious deterioration of the people, there appeared a change in their sentiments in regard to the ~~advantages~~ of book-learning and mental training; and it is no longer so certain as it was once that, among a miscellaneous company of working men of all nations, the Scotchmen will generally be found to be the most intelligent and the best read. As it is, not more than one in seven of the population are at school, and not only in the large towns, but even in the country villages, children are growing up without being taught at all. If the Social condition of Scotland is to be materially improved, this great evil will

have to be remedied. How it is to be done, is another question. But if some plan is not soon discovered, it is easy to see that all other reformatory measures will be seriously hampered and obstructed.

On the whole, however, it is not without satisfaction that we contemplate the history and present aspect of Social Life in Scotland. There are many painful things about it—many things which ought to excite the deepest anxiety in the minds of all who are honestly interested in that country's religion. But there are rays of light also thrown across the picture, which do much towards relieving its darkness and gloom. And among these rays there is that especially of hope, that, with the spirit of religious earnestness revived in the hearts of many, and the character and extent of the evils now thoroughly exposed, such remedial measures shall be taken as will hold out the certain assurance, as years roll by, that every part of the Social System will undergo a process of thorough renovation.

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V.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EDINBURGH.

"THE grey Metropolis of the North" was very grey on the morning of the 17th of April last. A slumbrous mist stealing up the Firth; a thin, half-perceptible haze swathing the ribs and battlements of Arthur's seat; the gloom of the old town and the brightness of the new, toned down into an amicable neutrality by the unsubstantial and ærial veil between; the sunshine playing deceitfully upon your face, while the east wind, blending with it in subtle and mysterious *intercompenetration*, searched your bones;—all these, familiar enough to the citizens of Edinburgh, were on that day enjoyed also by hundreds of strangers gathered to an Academical Celebration. The students of the University, during the Session then closing, had enjoyed for the first time the privilege which other Scotch Universities have always had, of electing a Rector; and this privilege they had exercised with the perfervid enthusiasm of their age and race. Mr. Gladstone was brought forward; and after a contest with a gentleman of local literary celebrity, was declared at the head of the poll amid a tempest of howling and hurrahs worthy of an Academic Donnybrook. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, undeterred by the prospect of a budget of vast difficulty to be prepared, and a Parliamentary campaign upon it in which he should have to "keep the bridge" with his single arm, at once accepted the offer, and fixed this day for his installation. The College of Edinburgh, a large square in the old town, black and grimy outside, but presenting a stately and symmetrical quadrangle within, has yet no hall suited for such a



solemnity; and the members of the University, graduate and undergraduate, trooped on this forenoon to the Music Hall, a building of modest dimensions, from whose platform orators love to sway the polished and critical democracy of the modern Athens.

In the centre of the Hall are crowded the students who have elected the Rector. Some of them are mere boys, rejoicing in the first enjoyment of their *Burschenherrlichkeit*, and forgetting (what the address to which they are about to listen will be sure to remind them of) how much of this first Session they have been content gaily and gladly to lose, and not a little of it in the excitement of the contest and canvass for this very office. Others are older and graver men, who have had to wrestle with the world year after year, in order to obtain a little leisure to prosecute a higher but not more noble struggle with the difficulties of philosophy and science during the short six months Session at College. Almost all of them seem older than they are; the Scotch feeling of *responsibility* has left its mark upon the young faces, and they look like those who, though for the present apart from the world, have yet looked the world in the face, and felt the practical importance even of the most abstract studies. On either side of them, in the two wings of the Hall, sit the members of the general Council of the University, a body called into existence by the recent Act, giving the Scotch Universities an independent constitution, and which meets half-yearly to take into its consideration "all questions concerning the well-being of the University." There are already about fifteen hundred members of the Edinburgh Council, all graduates or men who have gone through a course entitling to graduation, and they thus form a very important Academical Parliament. They have elected Lord Brougham as the first Chancellor in October last; to-morrow they are to meet for the first time for University business, with Mr. Gladstone in the chair, and to-day they wait with a keen critical attention for his address, every sentence of which will, before nightfall, be discussed and debated over, with sarcastic disapproval or fierce and logical approbation. In the gallery, in front of the platform, and on the orchestra rising behind it, are placed the ladies, who, with a magnanimous forgiveness of the somewhat obscure position into which their learned lords have thrust them, take a noble revenge by shining the brighter, and make an unexpected sunshine in the shadier part of the Hall. Sydney Smith has characterized the Edinburgh ladies as metaphysical; but, on this occasion, they do not look so, and as Hypatia in a blue ribbon smiles across to Sappho in those golden curls, they seem almost to forget that they are assisting at a grave Academical solemnity, and the liquid laughter of the *dulce loquentes* above distracts the attention of the ingenuous but impatient youth below.

For a wild uproar is beginning to arise throughout the Hall. Old gentlemen, who have been waiting half an hour already, regard their unoffending watches with a fixed and reproachful frown; and young gentlemen, who have been looking round in vain for some incident to justify a clamour, give up the fruitless search, and proceed to

“make the happiness they do not find” by thumping the floor below and hurling interjections towards the roof above. The tumult gets infectious. Every one rises from his seat, and everything is laid hold of to keep up the row. New comers especially provoke it. One man entering has a long nose—it were insufferable dullness not to be amused at that. The next nose is rather short—it were manifest injustice to let it pass more favourably. The third man is not remarkable in either or in any way; but that, in our present disposition, appears the most exquisite jest of all. Uproar begets uproar, and tumult gives occasion to tumult—the whole Hall is rocking in a gentle storm, when lo! *Vir pietate gravis!* Sir David Brewster enters, leading the procession as Principal, and all sinks into rest.

Sir David looks well, and his gown, of rich purple silk (for he is Vice-Chancellor as well as Principal), relieved by the crimson and scarlet hood of a D.C.L., contrasts nobly with the aged face and snow-white hair. Behind him enter the Professors, in the robes appropriate to the different Faculties, and we recognize some of the better-known faces:—Professor Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, with his leonine head and mane, and bluff, good-humoured smile; Professor Syme, the trenchant surgeon, who cuts with more weapons than one, but “never wastes a word, or a drop of ink, or a drop of blood;” Dr. James Robertson, one of the Professors of Divinity, planted on the platform like a piece of ordnance, though for this day the audience is safe from its thundering reverberation; the grizzled head, and form more than erect, of Dr. Christison, the well-known Toxicologist, one of the oldest, most energetic, and most respected men connected with the College, and looking as if he was quite aware of it; Professor Blackie, his long hair, already blanched, covering that keen and restless brain fed from a warm and honest heart; Dr. Lyon Playfair, with his ruddy German face, the latest acquisition of the University, and who promises to make not a few enthusiasts in chemistry among its students; Professor Aytoun, buried in beard, and looking like a Scottish Cavalier after seventeen years of exile in a desolate and razorless land; Professor Goodsir, feeble and palsied in body, but great and eloquent in comparative anatomy; Professor Miller, a high peace resting on his broad brow, who, besides being a skilful surgeon, is what he calls a *Nephelist*, and what mortals call a *Teetotaller*, and seduces day by day the University youth to join him, “for pure auld Scotland’s sake” rather than for their own; and after these and the other professors, Alexander Smith, Secretary of the University (*factus*), and poet (*natus*), the honey-dropping mouth hid in a rich and fulvous beard. Besides these are several noblemen and gentlemen connected with the University, as members of the Royal Commission or otherwise; the Lord Advocate Moncrieff, whose haughty but frank bearing does not interfere with his popularity as a legislator; the Lord Justice Clerk Inglis, whose English readers remember as the defender of Madeleine Smith, and who is to-day recognized as having carried



through Parliament the late University Enactment; Mr. Murray Dunlop, a useful M.P., and admirable ecclesiastical lawyer, who threw the high claims of the Scotch Church in the struggle with the state before 1843 into forms worthy of the earnestness and gravity of the contest; Lord Ardmillan, who delivered the most eloquent and heartiest of the innumerable orations on the day of the Burns' Centenary, and others whom we have no time to notice.

Sir David Brewster rises, and, in compliance with his inarticulate request, the Reverend Professor Crawford invokes the Divine blessing on the meeting of the University, and that not in Latin, but in well-chosen and classical English. The Scotch assemblage stands mute and unresponsive during the prayer, Mr. Gladstone alone pronouncing at its close a solemn Amen. Then rises the Dean of the Faculty of Law, the sonorous Professor Campbell Swinton, prouder to be descended from the Swintons of Kinmerghane than to teach in the legal capital of Scotland the magnificent jurisprudence of Rome. His function as Dean is to present to the Vice-Chancellor those who are to be created Doctors of Laws, and as each thus honoured rises to his feet, he thunders out an energetic but discriminating eulogy. Mr. Gladstone he characterizes as "a consummate orator, a most accomplished scholar, a statesman of eminent distinction, and a faithful and laborious servant to a *confiding* sovereign" (perhaps a touch of sarcasm in this last epithet, for Mr. Swinton is an utter Tory), "who has, with a brilliancy of success, which, except in the case of the venerable Chancellor of this University, is probably unrivalled in modern times, combined the character of the man of action and the man of letters." Among the other Doctors of Laws, two attract especial attention, Professor Mansel, of Oxford, who is received with great enthusiasm as the representative of Sir William Hamilton (a name greater than any left to the University, which rises unbidden to many a mind when Mr. Gladstone afterwards refers to the few who possess a "princely gift" of teaching, and whom "the young follow, as soldiers follow their leader, when he waves the banner of their native land before their eyes;") and James D. Forbes, the distinguished Natural Philosopher, who has for twenty-seven years adorned the University of Edinburgh, and now, broken in health, and one more of the martyrs of science, takes the honourable but less active duties of Principal, vacated by Sir David Brewster, at "St. Salvator and St. Leonard's," at St. Andrew's. And now the Doctors are all capped, and every one, grateful to Professor Swinton for the admirable way in which he has discharged the combined duties of University Orator and Praeco, is yet thankful that the perils of eulogy are past. Mr. Hall, one of the students, the Rector's constituents, introduces Mr. Gladstone to the Vice-Chancellor in an excellent little speech, modestly claiming his aid in "the new era on which the University is entering, to raise her to the position which we would have her hold among the great schools of Europe." The Rector rises to his feet amid a roar of acclamation, and, when it subsides, delivers his address.

Mr. Gladstone's appropriate and eloquent speech was a great boon to the Edinburgh University, but his personal presence was still greater. No one who witnessed his inauguration, and the meeting of the University Council at which he presided on the following day, is likely to forget the earnest dignity of his demeanour, the careful conscientiousness with which he went into every detail of the working of the new University Constitution, which he had evidently thoroughly studied beforehand, and the stately courtesy with which he offered all the assistance that his experience in University matters might enable him in future to give, either in the way of perfecting the machinery or smoothing the working of the machine. That such an influence and such assistance will be needed, there can be little doubt. The recent "Universities Act" for Scotland, has thrown open many questions connected with the modest academies of the North, and has, in fact, given opportunity for a reconstruction of them which may be more or less complete just as it seems to be necessary or desirable. While large legislative powers are in the meantime vested in the University Commissioners, a new machinery is provided henceforth for all the Universities. A governing body, called the University Court, is appointed for each, and a new Council, in which all graduates have a right to sit, meets half-yearly to initiate improvements, to improve or reject proposed alterations, and generally to deliberate on everything that concerns the Universities as the organs of the higher education and intellectual life of Scotland. Scotchmen are not likely to allow such an opportunity to pass unimproved. Among the subjects already largely discussed at Edinburgh and the other seats of instruction are—the institution of examinations before and at entering College, so as, if possible, to define as well as elevate the work both of the school and of the University; the more efficient examination for degrees, though the *pass* in these has already for many years been more severe, at Edinburgh at least, than at either Oxford or Cambridge; and the still larger and more interesting proposal of giving more of what Mr. Gladstone calls "a just freedom to teaching," so as to "approach more closely to the primitive spirit and system of Universities, by introducing the element of a wholesome competition" between the Professors and those of the general body of graduates whose acquirements and reputation may enable them to cope with them. In such circumstances it was appropriate that Mr. Gladstone's speech should turn very much on the nature and history of Universities; and we know no more noble or comprehensive definitions of these great institutions than are to be found in this address. Starting from "the broad and universal canon, that every generation of men, as they traverse the vale of life, are bound to accumulate, and in divers manners do accumulate new treasures for the race, and leave the world richer, on their departure, for the advantage of their descendants, than, on their entrance, they themselves had found it," he argues that, "of the mental portion of this treasure no small part is stored, and of



the continuous work I have described no small part is performed by Universities; which have been, I venture to say, entitled to rank among the greater lights and glories of Christendom." "For the work of the University as such covers the whole field of knowledge human and Divine; the whole field of our nature in all its powers; the whole field of time, in binding together successive generations as they pass in the prosecution of their common destiny; aiding each to sow its proper seed and to reap its proper harvest from what has been sown before; storing up into its own treasure-house the spoils of every new venture in the domain of mental enterprise, and ever binding the present to pay over to the future an acknowledgment at least of the debt which for itself it owes the past. If the work of improvement in human society under Christian influences be a continuous and progressive work, then we can conceive why the King's Daughter, foreshadowed in Holy Writ, has counted the University among her handmaids. If, apart from what may be the counsels of Providence as to ultimate success, it lay essentially in the nature of Christianity that it should aim at nothing less than the entire regeneration of human nature and society, such a conception as that of the University was surely her appropriate ally. Think as we will upon the movement of man's life, and the course of his destiny, there is a fit association, and a noble and lofty harmony, between the greatest gift of the Almighty to our race on the one hand, and the subordinate but momentous ministries of those chief institutions of learning and education, the business of one among which has gathered us to-day."

The original idea of the University being thus, as he re-states it, to "*methodize, perpetuate, and apply all knowledge which existed, and to adopt and take up into itself every new branch as it came successively into existence,*" the Rector went on to bear witness to the sincerity, and sagacity, and energy of purpose of their founders in the middle age, and to the vast and various good which they achieved, unbalanced by any characteristic evils. "What the castle was to the feudal baron, what the guild was to the infant middle-class, they were to knowledge and mental freedom. Nor was it only that their local culture received local shelter, and enjoyed through them an immunity from the assaults of barbarism in its vicinity; they established, so to speak, a telegraph for the mind, and all the elements of intellectual culture scattered throughout Europe were brought by them into near communion. Without a visible head, or a coercive law, or a perilous tendency to aggression, they did for the mind of man what the unity of the Romish Church aimed at doing for the soul. They did it by the strong sympathy of an inward life, and by a common interest and impulse, almost from their nature incapable of being directed to perverse or dangerous ends.

Mr. Gladstone did not grapple with the question which might naturally seem to present itself at this point, whether Universities, so admirably fitted for the age which gave them birth, are necessary in the greatly changed and more complete system of modern times.

Much might be said, and much that lies very near the surface, in favour of such an objection. The world is widening in every direction, and the influences that make and mould the world are increasing and intertwining and ramifying in ways that our fathers dreamed not of. The Social System has become wonderfully complete, and at the same time, by a very familiar paradox, has greatly gained in unity. Of old "Universities were a great mediating power between the high and the low, between the old and the new, between speculation and action, between authority and freedom." It cannot be denied that in these days this particular function of theirs has very much ceased; for the simple reason that the high and the low, the old and the new, speculation and action, authority and freedom, are no longer so distinctly and strongly opposed to each other. The great atmosphere of public opinion, the *communis sensus* of civilization, encompasses and harmonizes all things in our modern times. To our eyes, the old is not so very old, nor the new so very new. The world itself is now becoming, what the rigid barriers of the middle-age refused to let it be then, a real *universitas*, ever conserving the old and absorbing and assimilating the new. If, therefore, we desire a pledge for the future existence and prosperity of Universities, we shall probably find it not so much, or not so visibly, in the circumstances of the world without, as in the unchanging conditions of the development of the individual man. The University is not an arbitrary institution. It has a root in human nature, and its work is appropriate to a particular and well-defined period in the history of the youthful mind. There comes a time when school no longer satisfies the intellect, and when it demands not merely something wider, but what is of far more importance, something deeper. *It asks to think*; and the function of the University is to teach it to think. So at the threshold of the great world stands the *alma mater*, not, according to the vulgar idea, to give all knowledge, but to give us the key to all knowledge, by rooting in our minds the idea of what true scientific knowledge is, and because this work is done in the sunshine of youth, at the time when all hopes are brightest and strongest; and done, too, not solitarily, but among many, inspired and united by the same generous ardour, the University becomes to all who have passed through it a name venerable and dear—*Semper sit in flore!*

But the most striking part of Mr. Gladstone's address was that in which, leaving the general subject of Universities, he addressed the students upon the spirit and temper in which they should prosecute their studies. The moral power which distinguishes Mr. Gladstone's speaking came out here, with memorable and, to a listener, almost painful impressiveness. The robed form, the slow harmonious gesture, the deliberate and well-poised enunciation, the large utterance and lofty tones, the stern, sad face, lit up by a rare and genial smile, the deep-set and solemn eyes, flashing with an internal light—each contributed to the power with which, amid profound silence, he urged upon the youth before him to "believe



before experience—believe until you may know, and *that* you may know;" and assured them that "the thrift of time will repay you in after life, with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings." And when, leaving his manuscript, he turned to the students, and, standing in his crimson vestments, with uplifted hands, like a high-priest of old in solemn adjuration, he warned them against worshipping success, and temporary idolising fame, and many remembered that the speaker was that moment the most popular minister in England, and had been sought and followed by that success which he has never deigned to seek.

"And, gentlemen, the hope of an enduring fame is without doubt a powerful incentive to virtuous action, and you may suffer it to float before you as a vision of refreshment, second always, and second with long interval, of your conscience and the will of God. For an enduring fame is once stamped by the judgment of the future, that future which dispels illusions, and smashes idols into dust. Little of what is criminal, little of what is idle, can endure even the first touch of the ordeal; it seems as though this purging power following at the heels of man, and trying his work were a witness, and a harbinger of the great and final account. So, then, the thirst of an enduring fame is near akin to the love of true excellence. But the fame of the moment is a dangerous possession and a bastard motive; and he who does his acts in order that the echo of them may come back as a soft music in his ears, plays false to his noble destiny as a Christian man, places himself in continual danger of dallying with wrong, and taints even his virtuous actions at their source. Not the sublime words alone of the Son of God and His apostles, but heathenism too, even while its vision is limited to this passing scene, testifies with an hundred tongues that the passing scene itself presents to us virtue as an object, and a moral law, graven deeply in our whole nature as a guide. But now, when the screens that so bounded human vision have been removed, it were sad indeed, and not more sad than shameful, if that being should be content to live for the opinion of the moment, who has immortality for his inheritance. He that never dies, can he not afford to wait patiently a while? And can he not let faith, which interprets the present, also guarantee the future? Nor are there any two habits of mind more distinct than that which chooses success for its aim, and covets after popularity, and that, on the other hand, which values and defers to the judgments of our fellow-men as helps in the attainment of truth.

"But I would not confound with the sordid worship of popularity in after life, the graceful and instinctive love of praise in the uncritical period of youth. On the contrary, I say, avail yourselves of that stimulus to good deeds, and when it proceeds from worthy sources, and lights upon worthy conduct, yield yourselves to the warm satisfaction it inspires; but yet, even while young, and even amidst the glow of that delight, keep a vigilant eye upon yourselves, refer the

honour to Him from whom all honour comes, and ever be inwardly ashamed for not being worthier of His gifts."

In one respect Mr. Gladstone has well requited the University of Edinburgh. They went out of their way, as Scotchmen and Presbyterians, to choose for their Rector one who had no party, or political or ecclesiastical connection with them, attracted not more by the academic reputation than by the moral consistency and Christian purpose of the man. He met them on their own ground, and with no bated breath or cowardly reserve discoursed of the University in those highest relations which no man and no human institution can ignore, ever since that Divine voice was first heard, which has come sounding down these later centuries.

"It is, I believe, a fact, and if so, it is a fact highly instructive and suggestive, that the University, as such, is a Christian institution. The Greeks, indeed, had the very largest ideas upon the training of man, and produced specimens of our kind with gifts that have never been surpassed. But the nature of man, such as they knew it, was scarcely at all developed; nay, it was maimed, in its supreme capacity—in its relations towards God. Hence, as in the visions of the prophet, so upon the roll of history, the imposing fabrics of ancient civilization never have endured. Greece has bequeathed to us her ever-living tongue, and the immortal productions of her intellect. Rome made ready for Christendom the elements of solid polity and law; but the brilliant assemblage of endowments which constitutes civilization, having no root in itself, could not brook the shocks of time and vicissitude; it came and it went; it was seen and it was gone; *Hunc tantum terris ostendent fata; neque ultra esse sinent*. We now watch, gentlemen, with a trembling hope, the course of that later and Christian civilization which arose out of the ashes of the old heathen world, and ask ourselves whether, like the Gospel itself, so that which the Gospel has wrought beyond itself in the manners, arts, laws, and institutions of men, is in such manner and degree salted with perpetual life, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? Will the civilization, which was springing upwards from the days of Charlemagne, and which now, over the face of Europe and America, seems to present to us in bewildering conflict the mingled signs of decrepitude and of vigour, perish like its older types, and like them be known thereafter only in its fragments; or does it bear a charmed life, and will it give shade from the heat and shelter from the storm to all generations of men?"

Mr. Gladstone did not venture to answer his own question, so eloquently put. Perhaps he shrunk from stating the strong truth, that mere Christian civilization, when the faith of the Son of God has died out of it, is just as precarious as that of heathendom; and that the only way to ensure the progressive improvement of the race is by the moral salvation of the individual man. We can hardly accept printing, commerce, and the other phenomena of modern times which he mentions, as guarantees for the future; but we may, with him, regard them as "witnesses, and but a few among many witnesses, to



the vast change which has been wrought since the advent of our Lord in the state of man. Perhaps they re-echo to us the truth that, apart from sound and sure relations to its Maker, the fitful efforts of mankind must needs be worsted in the conflict with chance and change; but that, when by the dispensation of Christianity the order of our moral nature was restored, when the rightful King had once more taken His place upon His throne in the heart of man, then, indeed, civilization might come to have a meaning and a vitality such as had before been denied it. There, at length, it had obtained the key to all the mysteries of the nature of man, to all the anomalies of its condition. Thus it had obtained the ground plan of that nature in all its fulness, which before had been known only in remnants or in fragments—fragments of which, even as now in the toppling remains of some ancient church or castle—the true grandeur and the ethereal beauty were even the more conspicuous because of the surrounding ruins. But they were fragments still, and they were fragments only, until, by the bringing of life and immortality to light, the parts of our nature were re-united, its harmony was re-established, the riddle of life, heretofore unsolved, was at length read as a discipline, and so obtained its just interpretation. All that had before seemed idle conflict, wasted energy, barren effort, was seen to be but the preparation for a glorious future; and death itself, instead of extinguishing the last hopes of man, became the means and the pledge of His perfection."

Mr. Gladstone has struck a high key-note for a University which claims to be entering on a new era; and it is now for it to respond to it. There is much need that it, and the other Universities of Scotland—undergraduates and graduates—should do so. Scotchmen have been remembering of late that this year is the Tricentenary of their Reformation. Much has come and gone since that era. "There is confusion in the little isle." Their holy and beautiful House, where their fathers praised God, is divided against itself. Why should not the Universities resume their old function of mediating and harmonizing, as well as elevating? Why should they not send forth year by year, men, united not so much in name as in true heart and true faith, to work together side by side, till they work into that outward unity which is the seemly and appointed sign of the bond of charity within? For though much is broken, yet much abides, for them and for all. They may still cast anchor where the stern-faced, tender-hearted old Reformer cast his, ere he and his fellows turned to the work of building a system which should last for centuries, and which remains in spirit to this hour, though torn, and broken, and divided. If many things are displaced and shaken, it is that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. And Universities, as institutions which have a continued and perpetuated existence, which rest ever upon the rich and treasured past, and look forward to the pregnant future; which deal, not with the transient objects and strivings and interests of the hour, but with those things which belong to all men and to all times; which receive each new

generation fresh from the hand of God, and send it forth to influence and guide the age—such institutions have manifestly a special work and call at such a time. Whether and how far that call shall be obeyed, and to what unexpectedly large results it may possibly lead, we do not know; but all who take a true interest in the University of Edinburgh must rejoice that it has been so distinctly echoed from its chair of authority on this occasion, and can hope nothing higher than that their University may never decline from the temper and tone of the Rector's address of 1860.

Interesting as was the ceremony connected with the installation of Mr. Gladstone as Lord Rector, it was a yet more interesting spectacle, only one short month later, to see Lord Brougham inaugurated as Chancellor of the University. His former connection with that seat of learning as one of its most distinguished alumni, his subsequent long and brilliant career, his prodigious powers and labours, his accumulated stores of knowledge, his versatility of genius, his philosophy and his oratory, with a riper old age, invested the first Chancellor of this University with a dignity which belongs to but few living men. His election to this highest distinction reflects infinite honour on the University itself. Nor has our modern Athens ever presented a more imposing spectacle than when, on the eighteenth day of May, the noble and learned Lord—the man who was once the idol of the people, and whose whole life has been devoted to the advancement and improvement of his race, stood, surrounded by Scotia's best and most accomplished sons, by the members of the Senate, by numbers of the lay and clerical graduates of the University, and by thousands of deeply-interested persons, eager to witness the ceremony of his inauguration. The appearance of the man, at the advanced age of eighty-one, was itself a study; and one's whole nature thrilled with delight as he passed in his discursive address from point to point in the wide domain of literature, science, and religion, and poured forth his still fresh and vigorous eloquence.

His reference to the great men whom the University had produced in his own day; his delicate allusion to the wider basis on which the Scottish Universities are known to rest; his high estimate of classical and mathematical studies; his continued strong attachment to intellectual, political, and religious freedom, are points in his address on which it would be easy to expatiate at any length; but it is to his remarks on the subject of Revealed Truth that we turn with peculiar delight. Animadverting on the tendency of Hume's writings, he said:—

“It is not to be forgotten that injury to the cause of Truth has been done by a very eminent person, in whose great capacity and celebrity this city takes a just pride, how much soever his talents may have been misapplied; and it well becomes the instructors of youth strenuously to counteract the influence of David Hume, both on account of the incalculable importance of the subject on which he



was misled, and also in respect of a far less material circumstance—the disposition of ignorant persons in other countries to represent him as having founded an infidel school or sect in Scotland. It is fit that on this point the truth should be plainly spoken—Mr. Hume was not a sceptic either in his political or religious errors. His opinions were perfect—decided when they could be held upon positive or affirmative positions, and as decided as any that could be held upon mere negation. He was the adversary of popular rights, and the ally of the English High Church party against those rights, widely as he differed from all Churchmen upon the grounds of their belief and the foundations of their power. He was upon all Religion, Natural and Revealed, a disbeliever rather than an unbeliever, rejecting the evidence of the former, and declaring it to be wholly insufficient to prove the existence of a Deity or the immortality of the soul; and holding the statements upon which the latter rests to be not only false but impossible. This is not scepticism, but dogmatism. It is the assertion that of a miracle there can be no proof; that of a God and future state there is no proof—no reason whatever to believe it. This, then, is atheism as much as any person of sound mind can hold the opinion, and this ought constantly to be exposed as such, and refuted. Fortunately there are the means of triumphant refutation; for upon Natural Religion the whole argument of Mr. Hume rests upon an entire misconception of the nature of inductive reasoning; and it is not too much to affirm that if he had ever attended to any branch of Natural Philosophy he could not have fallen into so manifest an error. There is no one part of the argument which would not destroy all inductive science; all generalization would be put an end to; experimental inquiry must stand still; no step could be made, no conclusion drawn, beyond the mere facts observed; and the science must be derived from the process or general reasoning upon particular facts, into the bare record of those particular facts themselves. The late discoveries in Fossil Osteology afford additional proofs of Mr. Hume's hasty assumptions, both on the question of a Providence and that of miracles. It is now proved by evidence which he must have admitted to be sufficient, that at one remote period in the history of our globe there was an exertion of creative power to form the human and certain other races not before existing; so that he must have believed in the miracle of creation; that is, the interposition of a Being powerful enough to suspend the established order of things, and make a new one. The argument rests on the same grounds as to a future state, in so far as he denies the proof of a power to continue the soul apart from the body. But there is this material difference in the evidence—that an induction is conclusive as to the existence of the Deity, and the independent and separate nature of the soul, but only proves the probability of its continued existence. Its entirely different nature from matter, as shown in the quickness of its operations, its independence of the body, proved by the faculties sometimes becoming stronger as the body decays—above all, its surviving

the complete change of the body, so that hardly a particle of the corporeal frame remains while the mind continues unchanged, unless perhaps by gaining strength—all demonstrate its different constitution and its independent existence; and, as there is no one example of annihilation in the universe—what is termed destruction being only dissolution and new combination, and the soul, from the singleness of its nature without parts, being incapable of such destruction—we are left to infer, from the prevalence of benevolent design in all the Creator's works, that He will continue what He has formed, and so largely endowed, and so bountifully cherished. Greatly as this celebrated writer is to be blamed for the rashness of his speculations, and his yielding to the bias which appears to have influenced him in these and other inquiries, he is almost entirely free from the charge justly made against Voltaire and his contemporaries—some of whom, as Voltaire himself, were deists—of treating these matters with ridicule, or with ribaldry, or with a levity wholly unsuited to the sacred subject, and fitted only to inflict pain upon conscientious believers. With the exception of a sentence or two in the 'Essay on Miracles,' his writings preserve the most unbroken gravity, and indeed the seriousness which is so becoming. The same praise belongs to Rousseau, who, indeed, was a reluctant unbeliever; but, having none of that reasoning power which Hume possessed and abused, his unbelief is less to be censured. It has been deemed necessary to state these things respecting Mr. Hume in order that his authority may be reduced to its just dimensions, and especially with young men, led away by his great name, and his incontestably great merits in some important particulars. But, besides counteracting that influence, the studies themselves in which he has been the promoter of error are of such vast importance—one of them the most important of all—that no pains can be deemed too great, no care too unremitting, to exclude false doctrine and inculcate sound opinions."

On the place to be assigned to Natural Theology, he is equally clear and explicit:—

"Nor is it only in teaching Divinity, technically so called, in unfolding the truths of Revealed Religion, that this duty can be discharged. The great doctrines of Natural Theology demand the closest attention, and afford the most valuable support to the teachers of the Revealed Word. Nothing can be more groundless than the jealousy sometimes felt, but oftener professed, of Natural Religion by the advocates of Revealed; Bacon, who had his prejudices on the subject of final causes, occasioned by the abuse of that doctrine, describes Natural Religion as 'the key of Revealed, which' he says, 'opens our understanding to the genuine spirit of the Scriptures, unlocking our belief, so that we may enter upon the serious contemplation of the Divine Power, the characters of which are so deeply engraven in the works of the creation.' Newton has said, '*de Deo, de quo ex phænominis disserere ad philosophiam naturalem pertinet.*' Locke de-



declares, 'that he who would take away reason to make way for Revelation puts out the light of both, as if we should persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.' And Tillotson, in his great sermons preached before the king and queen upon the occasion of the naval victory in 1672, affirms that 'the principles of Natural Religion are the foundation of that which is Revealed.' It is, therefore, most desirable that a line of demarcation should not be drawn by the teachers of Revealed Religion so as to exclude from their province the great truths of Natural Religion, as the subject of deep and continual attention; and the teachers of the latter and of moral philosophy generally ought to be less shy than they too often are (not Paley, however) of a reference to the truths of the Gospel Dispensation. That dispensation may be safely rested upon its own proofs; but, should the weight of authority be required in its favour, we may assuredly ask if any one can pretend to be a better judge of physical and mathematical evidence than Sir Isaac Newton, of moral evidence than Mr. Locke, of legal evidence than Lord Hale, all of whom, and after full inquiry, were firm believers of the Gospel Truths. But not only is the habit to be deplored of drawing a line between Theology and the other branches of learning, it is equally necessary that no line should be drawn between these and Natural Religion. There is hardly any head of philosophy which is not connected with it; and these Sciences, as well as Natural Religion, must gain by keeping this connection constantly in view, and not considering that to treat of the one subject we must go out of the other. The wonders of the natural world have in all ages been dwelt upon as showing the hand of the Creator and Preserver at every step of our inquiries; and each new discovery has added to the devout confidence of the student. For instance, the late proof of the stability of the universe, so little suspected before our day, that men argue on the necessity of interference to retain the planets in their path, has thus afforded a very striking illustration of the rational optimism which is the best solution of the ancient, but constantly recurring question, Ποθεν τό κακόν. Thus, then, Natural Theology stands at the head of all sciences, from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things, of the mighty power that fashioned and sustains the universe, of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beaks, and feet of insects, invisible to the naked eye, and that lighted the lamp of day, and launched into space comets myriads of times larger than the earth, whirling ten thousand times swifter than a cannon ball, and two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. It passes the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of Nature. Its office is not only to mark what things are, but for what purposes they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences; if we hold it a marvellous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets, the number of grains that a

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piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces, and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis, it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly but confidently to ascend from the universe to its great First Cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intentions, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of Him who made, and moves, and sustains those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them. The thorough exposing of these truths, and dwelling incessantly upon them, is not required for supporting the character of this famous University, but it must afford pure delight both to the teacher and the student. Above all, is the necessity of making upon the mind of early youth an impression which never can wear out by lapse of time, or be effaced by the rival influences of other contemplations, or be obliterated by the cares of the world. The lessons thus learned, and the feelings engendered or cherished, will shed the auspicious influence over the mind through life; protection against the seductions of prosperous fortune, solacing in affliction, preparing for the great change that must close the scene by habitual and confident belief in the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, and in the humble hope of immortality which the study of His works has inspired, and which the gracious announcements of His Revealed Will abundantly confirm."

This homage to Revealed Truth was well-timed, and fell with more than usual effect from his lordship's lips. The theologian is not so much in danger of rejecting the lights which are supplied by either physical or moral science, as the moral philosopher is in danger of turning away from the sublime disclosures of the Book of God. Nature is not at variance with Revelation, and Revelation never contradicts the teachings of Nature. The Bible begins to speak only where Nature is silent; and what was never the province of Nature to reveal, the Book discloses with infallible certainty. Men are beginning to learn that truth is a grand unity; and this conclusion once reached, we shall hear no more of the discrepancies and the contradictions between the facts of Nature and the truths of Revelation. The opposition is in neither Nature nor the Bible, but in the darkness and the imperfection of the mind of man, who is but the interpreter of the works and the ways of God. There is a clear ring in the Chancellor's words;—let the University listen attentively to it.

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## VI.

## CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

*(Continued from page 612.)*

IN less than two years, on the 2nd of May, 1816, the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Claremont was bought of Mr. Ellis for their residence; and here, for about eighteen months, they tasted what might, perhaps, be truly termed uninterrupted happiness. As they drove slowly past our house on the banks of the Thames, on fine summer evenings, quietly chatting together, I can recollect being struck with the contrast in her face and mien from her appearance as she came out of the Chapel-Royal. I was child enough to be glad to have a scrap of her Court-train from my grandmother's milliner: it was of gold brocade, with a pattern of rose-buds.

With the exception of a drawing-room or two, and a few State-balls and dinner-parties, nothing could be simpler than their life at Claremont. They attended the little parish church of Esher; and the Princess, in straw bonnet, grey duffel cloak, and thick shoes, took an active interest in laying out her flower-garden, where there still are azaleas planted by her hands. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who visited Claremont in October, 1817, has left an account of his stay there which gives a graphic likeness of the domestic group. He says:—

"The Princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her. Her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to me that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that in his behaviour to her he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful

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and slyly humorous, that it is evident (at least, it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven; at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time. About three, she would leave the painting-room, to take her airing round the grounds, in a low phaeton, with the Prince always walking by her side. At five, she would come and sit to me till seven. At six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbroke, the Chamberlain, proposed our going in; always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought. . . . You know my superiority at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players. I therefore did not obey command; and, from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before I pay my second visit there next week."

This was written only a month before the Princess's death. The next, written after that melancholy event, says:—

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple—'My love;' and his, always 'Charlotte.' I told you that, when we went in from dinner, they were generally sitting at the pianoforte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down her picture, to give to Prince Leopold on his birth-day, the 16th of next month."

And in his next he writes:—

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast; and, accordingly, at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered it, and placed it, in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroke,\* and Dr. Short, who had been her preceptor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and, soon after him, Colonel Addenbrooke. The Baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke

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\* The Prince's equerries.



came in. He said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it—that, if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another! Then, there's Dr. Short: I said to him, "I suppose, by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture." "*Like it?*" said he (and he was blubbing); "'Tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room."'

"More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of reflections it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and, returning shortly, said, 'The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention; that he shall always remember it. He said, "Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him." I replied that I thought he would; so, if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me (he had evidently been, and was, crying), and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir——;' and he turned away.

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale, but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture, and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have also felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from the country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her. It was my study, my duty, to know her character, but it was also my delight.'

"During a short pause, I spoke of the impression it had made on me.

"'Yes—she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick; she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting; but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true! You saw her—you saw something of us; you saw us for some days—you saw our *year*! Oh! what happiness! And it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other. Except when I went out to shoot, we were together always; and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me,) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King.

"'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young (as if it could really be said to have lived). . . . She was always thinking of others, not of herself; no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—in that condition in which selfishness must act if it

*exists*—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not! *Any* grief could not make her so. She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time; in my absence, they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, “Call Prince Leopold; there is none can comfort him but me!” My Charlotte! my dear Charlotte! . . . And, now looking at the picture, he said, ‘Those beautiful hands, that, at the last, when she was talking to others, were always looking out for mine!’ . . .

“More passed during our interview, but not much more—chiefly my part in it. At parting, he pressed my hand firmly, held it long—I should almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him, that an attempt to kiss the hand that held mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. I but bowed, and he drew my hand towards him; he then bade me good-bye, and, on leaving the room, turned back, to give me a slow, parting nod; and, though half-blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, his youthfulness, cannot sink under this heaviest affliction. . . . And his mind is rational; but, when thus leaving the room, his tall, dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

“Prince Leopold’s voice is of a very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulations exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His ‘My Charlotte’ is affecting: he does not say ‘*Me Charlotte,*’ but simply and evenly, ‘*My Charlotte.*’ ”

Surely, we owe to Sir Thomas Lawrence the best pen-and-ink sketch, as well as oil-colour portrait, of the Princess Charlotte. The mournful presage he spoke of was happily not fulfilled: the Prince, after a vision, perhaps, of a crown-matrimonial, and another “likeness of a kingly crown” in Greece actually proffered for his acceptance, assumed yet a third—not one of them coming to him in the way of inheritance—and has lived to prove himself the wise Ulysses of Europe. The senseless cry of a few ignorant people, that has occasionally been heard, of his “drawing so much money out of the country,” is simply owing to their ignorance of his having always laid out, or laid by, his £50,000 a-year *in* the country, for the benefit of the estate which was the nation’s gift. That estate was the favourite country-seat of his niece, our beloved Queen, till yet nearer ties, and the claim of misfortune, made it the asylum of the ex-royal family of France—Louis Philippe being the father of the second wife, who, dying untimely, left Leopold again a widower. Though her name was Louise, their only daughter was named Charlotte.

Since that first short glimpse of Claremont, I have spent many snatches of time in and about it, chiefly while “the land was yet

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keeping its Sabbaths," and the house unoccupied except by servants—I have strayed at early dawn and dewy eve among the flower-beds planted by the Princess Charlotte, and shaded by funereal cedars—while the twenty gardeners were busy at their work—and sat dreaming in the alcove, with royal initials made in its rustic wood-work, splashed now and then by the spray of the little fountain—wandered past the Observatory, where royal breakfasts, *à la Watteau*, have sometimes taken place on the grass, to the "upland lawns," and leafy glades, and tangled thickets, up to the peaceful little mausoleum that commemorates the Princess Charlotte; and thence, amid many sounds of insect and animal life, but apparently miles away from human footfall, down to the shining lake, with its decayed old punt moored beneath overhanging trees, and its tiny cottage, where an old woman used to boast a Bible that had been given her by the Princess Charlotte. Thence, whichever way I turned, I was sure to find myself soon parallel with the outer park paling, soon to lose it again, amid wild brushwood and tangled thickets, and just, perhaps, as I was beginning to find myself almost *too* lonely, and to wonder would my wanderings ever come to an end, or was I really lost, a waggoner talking to his horses close at hand in the high-road would make me start, and remove my fears of the endlessness of the mazes woven by Capability Brown within a girdle of four miles.

In the adjoining shadowy lanes, and on the skirts of old commons, I frequently came upon the cottages of pensioned retainers of royalty, retired from service. One, on the sheltered edge of a lone heath, was the dwelling of the Prince of Wales's nurse, of whom a tragic tale was told. Another, close on the village, was occupied by a grey-haired, venerable, sweet-looking old man, table-decker to the King of the Belgians, whose only office had been to set out the dessert, but who was pensioned off by his benevolent master. "Well, Mr. T., so you have ladies lodging with you, I see," said the king, cheerfully, under his window one morning. He had come over unexpectedly from Belgium, and one or two of us, straying along the lane the preceding evening, had been startled to see his well-remembered, keen, handsome face, as his carriage rapidly passed us. The old man bustled about, and made himself look quite gentlemanlike before he posted up to the great house on his errand of dutious and loyal affection, to deck the table.

Another time, when the old table-decker was dead and gone, a friend with whom I was staying took me into the cottage of an old man living on a breezy common. He was evidently a character; had neither child nor wife; lived quite by himself, except that an old woman came to clean up the house on Saturdays.

"Mr. B——," said my friend, after some chat, "I want you to let this lady see your clock—Pope's clock, you know, that you bought at the sale at Twickenham."

"Oh, she's welcome to see it," said he, stumping off to his little kitchen—"there's the clock, and I think I shall leave it to Prince Albert some of these days—'cause he and the Queen admired it so."

"Oh, come, Mr. B——, tell us all about that affair—my friend will like to hear it."

"Oh, well, there isn't much to tell. One Saturday afternoon, a smart spring-shower came on, and as I was going by the window I see a young lady and gentleman run pretty fast for shelter into my outhouse, so I goes to the front door and hollers out, 'I say, you'd better come in here.' So, upon that, in they come, and I was a going to show them into the parlour, when the young lady says, 'Oh, I'd rather go into the kitchen, for I see you've a fire, and my shoes are rather wet.' Well, I let her do as she liked; and as the fire was not an over good one, the young gentleman he begins to make it up by putting on some turf that lay by; and, just by way of something to say, you know, good-natured-like, says he, 'This is nice turf you've got.' 'That just shows how little you know about it, Sir,' says I, 'for they've cut it too deep—quite down into the earth.' Well, on this he looks about him for something else to notice; and, seeing those cups and saucers on the mantel-shelf, 'You've got some old china,' says he. 'Not old china at all,' says I. 'That's *delft*; and before you were born, Sir, people thought a good deal of eating off *delft*, which, being the best ware they could get, they valued as much as we value china now.' So then the young lady says, 'You've a curious clock.' 'Yes,' says I, '*that* really is a curiosity, for it was Pope's, and I bought it at the sale of his effects at Twickenham.' 'Is it just as it was when Pope had it?' says she. 'O no,' says I, 'I've had it cleaned and done up.' 'Ah, that's a pity,' said she, 'for otherwise I would have bought it of you.' Well, I thought this funny; but just then the gentleman, who had gone to the front door, called out, 'It has left off raining now.' 'You can't justly tell whether it has or not, Sir,' says I, 'because the wind sets agin the back of the house. If you go to the back door, you'll be likely to see.' Well, he goes to the back door; and, directly he opens it, out darted two dogs, a big and a little one, and began rolling themselves on my peppermint bed. 'Hallo, Sir,' says I, 'do you know I sell my peppermint?' So he laughs, and whistles them off, and says to the lady, 'It really has left off raining now,' so away they go, after thanking me for giving them shelter; and I stand at the door looking after them, and see them cut across the common to a little gate in the park-paling. So I stood thinking to myself, Whoever could they be? Going into the park, too! Why, then, ten to one, it's the Queen and Prince Albert! To think of that never having struck me! Yes, yes, I dare say it was, for he's tall and she's short; and they do go about with two dogs. But I didn't know they were expected down here just now. However, I'll just go up to the house with a basket of eggs, and then I shall hear.' So I went up with my basket of eggs; and, sure enough, the servants told me they *had* come down unexpectedly, and had gone out to walk directly after luncheon, and had been caught in the rain."

"Well, but, Mr. B., that is not all."

"Oh, no; that's not all. The next day, as they tell me, the



Queen and all her party were going out on horseback, when she says, 'Have any of you any money?' 'How much does your Majesty want?' says one of the equerries. 'Oh, five or ten pounds.' 'I have five pounds, your Majesty.' 'Oh, that will do.' So they rode along here; and, as they went by, the Queen said to him, 'Go in, and give the poor man in that cottage five pounds for me; and tell him I thank him for having given us shelter yesterday.' So, of course, I was very much pleased; but, you know, I didn't know who he was; so, seeing him come in and leave the gate open, I thought I should be having the dogs in again; so I bawled out, 'Shut the gate after you!'

"Well, every autumn since, she has sent me five pounds. Yes, it's very good of her; and I've no way of showing her what I think of it but by taking her a basket of cherry-pippins, which is not what everybody can do, for I don't know of any others hereabouts but mine. I have but one tree, and I always save its pippins for the Queen. You shall have one, though, ma'am! Here's one for ye!"

Old Mr. B. is now dead; and before he died he made his will, and left Pope's clock to the Prince-Consort. I dare say dozens of such stories as these of the Queen's benevolence might be picked up in that neighbourhood, where she and the Prince spent much of their time during their early married life, and were deservedly popular.

At length came the year 1848, when "thrones, dominations, principedoms, powers," experienced strange reverses; and Louis Philippe and his family, after a flight attended by romantic perils, escaped, like birds out of the fowler's net, to hospitable England—so recently called by one of them "*perfidie Albion*." Well, they arrived, with little or no baggage or equipage, with their lives—and that was all; Louis Philippe making his way to our coast under the convenient travelling name of "Mr. Smith," the scattered members of his family and suite making their way after him as fast as they could. Directly the news of the fugitives' arrival at Claremont reached Windsor Castle, Prince Albert hastened to them by rail, taking the little yellow fly at the Esher station, which ordinarily awaited chance customers, to convey him to Claremont. The Queen did not forget the friendly reception recently given her in France, nor her recent visit to Esher, with Louis Philippe as her guest, seated beside her in the char-à-banc he had given her, and holding in his hand a sprig he had gathered in his old home at Twickenham. Whatever they could want for immediate use was at their service. All that the most delicate, sympathizing kindness could do, was done to make them comfortable in the asylum which, in fact, was destined to be the last earthly home of more than one of the fugitives.

Meanwhile, the poor, harassed ex-Queen was gradually recovering from the fatigue and agitation of her journey, and creeping slowly into the pleasure-grounds with her husband; the lost Duchess de Montpensier was found; the Prince and Princess de Joinville, Duke and Duchess de Nemours, Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, with their

children, gathered round the dethroned pair; and by the most admirable and amiable adaptation of their conduct to their altered circumstances, proved themselves far greater in adversity than they had ever done in prosperity—

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we’ll do more, Sempronius—we’ll deserve it!”

The ladies plaited straw for their own bonnets, seated on the grass; while the Princes read aloud to them, and the children sported around; the terrible Prince de Joinville, late Admiral of the French fleet, breathing fire and slaughter whenever he spoke of Albion, now concentrated his energies on preventing the afore-named old punt from foundering, while he rowed his small children—the little Prince Pierre, and the tiny Princess Françoise—on the lake; the Dukes, his brothers, no longer the admired of all observers at Long-champs, might be seen side by side on the box of the old yellow fly, driving about the park. In a little while, some of their own horses and equipages enabled them to make a better figure; for, when things had shaken down a little, there was a sufficient residue of property, from one source and another, really and lawfully their own, to enable them to live quite becomingly on a par with the nobility and gentry of the land. Till this could be secured, however, they were in anxiety and straits; and they bore their trials with meritorious patience and fortitude. It was impressive to see the fallen King and dejected Queen tottering along together; the graceful Princesses, whose slightest notice had lately been so prized, gliding through green shades, or flitting under porticoes, accompanied by their little children; in the background, the faithful Swiss, who continued to sleep at his master’s door, and declared that, if anybody forced an entrance there, it should be through his body.

Doubtless, hopes were long cherished that something would turn up—that Providence, fortune, chance, a happy turn of affairs, patience, good generalship, would enable them to take advantage of the first break in the clouds, and regain somewhat of their lost position. Even the failure of one or two schemes of this kind was, perhaps, better to them than the intolerable monotony, the complete blank, the absolute want of occupation, motive, or hope. Ex-statesmen, fallen ministers, tried adherents, came and went. There must have been little family councils, closetings, embassies, voluminous correspondences—all coming to nothing, yet held better than nothing. I chanced to see them all, one evening, descend the dimly-lighted grand staircase to dinner; the household being drawn up in the hall, almost in the dark, though gleams of bright light now and then streamed from the dining-room. As each Prince noiselessly descended, leading his Princess—one of them the Infanta, whose hand, almost in her childhood, had been so sharply contested—they seemed like figures in a dream, or a silent pageant in a theatre.

Another interesting figure was soon added to the scene—Helen,



the high-minded Duchess of Orleans : not beautiful, but good, pious, energetic, dignified, Protestant ; differing in some of her opinions from her husband's family, but casting in her lot among them, and beloved by them all for her unaltered sweetness. She soon took a large family house on the skirts of the park, where she quietly superintended the education of her two sons. Then came the death of that busy-headed, clever, broken-hearted old King—once held as the subtlest monarch in Europe. The Duchess of Orleans and the Duchess de Nemours were not long following him. Claremont seemed to keep up its old reputation, ever since the days of Lord Clive, of being fatal to those who became its occupants ; and now, a bereaved, despoiled, diminished circle gathers within its walls, with nothing to hope, nothing to fear—subdued to take meekly and with fortitude the blighted lot God apportions them ; and, with true French philosophy, affording noteworthy examples—

“What liberty He gives when we do fall  
Within the compass of an outward thrall !  
And what contentments He bestows on them  
Whom others do neglect, or else contemn !” \*

## VII.

### ERRORS IN FEMALE TRAINING.

THERE is a familiar story told of an Irish lad, who assigned as the cause of his tardy appearance at school one slippery morning, that for every step he had taken forward, he had slidden two steps back ; and who, when asked how at that rate he could ever have reached the school-room door at all, was shrewd enough to give the equally ready reply that he had bethought himself at last to turn round and go the other way. . . Fable or no fable, it well emblems the frequent course of social progress. We take one step in the right direction, but it proves in some respect or other a false step ; and ere long we find that in very deed our motion has been a retrograde one, that we have lost immeasurably more than we have gained, and that there is no better resource than to turn us right round, and let our future borrow from what there was of good in the past.

The proverbial difficulty of keeping to the *via media* is by no means diminished even in what we are so prone to think, if not to call, this wiser age. In nothing, perhaps, is the folly of extremes more manifest at the present time than in respect to female education and female manners. The discipline of former days was characterized undoubtedly

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\* George Wither.

by far too much of the precise and the unreasonably methodical. It was too stiff and starched. It prescribed laws which were burdensomely minute, and observances bitterly grievous to be borne. It laid a crushing hand on the buoyant spirit of youth, and sternly restrained all the ebullitions of spontaneous impulse. Its highest aim was to mould every character alike, with the same heavy-handed pressure, into the same unmeaning monotony of form. This aim was not always realized; else the world had sooner grown weary, and shaken off the tyrant's yoke. The evil was at length palpable, and its cause ultimately discerned. Remedies were vigorously and determinately applied. New theories of tuition were propounded, new plans were tried, and new results secured. The old *régime* is all but exploded. We may congratulate ourselves that Scylla is now avoided; we clear the rock; we are in no danger of striking. But meanwhile we forget Charybdis, and are rapidly nearing its destructive vortex.

In our laudable efforts to relax discipline, we are on the verge of entirely renouncing it. We have eased the over-tightened rein, but we have well nigh lost the power to guide, and to check, and to support our onward-bounding steed. We have rightly learned to consult the happiness of the young, but we are going too far when we end by indulging every caprice. "I like slang words," says a juvenile who has yet a twelvemonth's course to complete ere entering on her teens; and forthwith, because forsooth she *likes* it, she is allowed to enrich her vocabulary with every solecism that may be imported from the other side of the Atlantic, or every vulgarism that she finds uttered by the hero of some favourite tale. Not content to have discarded the forcing-system, we withhold our hand from training, we let the branches grovel in a tangled mass, and we idly call it a wild and beautiful luxuriance. But it is a delusive flattery with which we thus beguile ourselves. The rank growth of weeds and flowers may beseem and adorn the uncultured forest; but the neglected parterre presents no scene of beauty to the eye, no sense of refreshment to the heart. Those who are to move in civilized society, are not likely to fill their station in it the more creditably for being suffered to grow up under the dominance of unchecked preferences and self-regulated habits. "*Chacun selon son gré*," may be a comfortable doctrine to ensure peace on easy terms between the instructor and the instructed, but it becomes a pernicious motto when it is the watchword of slothfulness in the teacher, or of permitted recklessness in the pupil.

The *far niente* is not the only evil to be dreaded. There are positive influences at work which have a disastrous effect. Not only is there too little done in the way of culture, but what is done proceeds for the most part on wrong principles. A worthy couple from the North came up to the Metropolis some few years back, and consulted an eminent Londoner as to the best school for the finishing of their daughter's education. "Send her to the Miss —es'," was the reply; "they will make a *man* of her." It was a dubious compliment. Taken according to their intent, the words simply pointed to an educational pro-



cess which would serve to strengthen the mind, to expand the intellect, to store the memory, to solidify the character; but taken literally, the phrase expressed only too well the dangerous tendency of the modern system. Let a young girl be "made a man of," and she is made what her Creator never intended her to become; yet such we are too surely striving to make her, or at least to make her appear. Undeniably we are allowing the feminine graces to die out around us, while our younger sisters are deliberately setting themselves to assume manlike airs and to act a manlike part. To assume—and to act: the words are used advisedly. The *gaucheries* which daily offend the eye have much of the unnatural about them. They are like an ill-made garment, which neither sits well, nor suffers the wearer to be at ease. There is at times an actual forcefulness about them, which bespeaks them the result of purpose rather than of nature. It would be a grievous thing to feel assured that such manners are a true index to the mind. It seems a charitable supposition which regards them as a veil, a garb, a something exterior, a concealer rather than a revealer of the mental features. The kind of affectation prevalent in former years is happily obsolete. Silly weaknesses, and so-called pretty invalidism, and languorous sentimentalities have almost ceased to exist since they ceased to attract attention or to win sympathy. None would desire to revoke the spell which has spirited them away; yet none can dare to say that their actuating cause has been exorcised. The masquerader can wear serge as well as satin. The vanity which can stoop to affect what is ridiculous, will find no difficulty in affecting the ungraceful, when once the ungraceful becomes the popular. There may be just as much coquetry in the swaggering midshipmanlike gait, as in the mincing tip-toe tread; just as much pretence in the bold look of fearlessness as in the terrors of a feigned timidity; just as much hollowness in the tokens of proud independence as in the clings of a mock helplessness.

Even where there is no designed hypocrisy in the case, there may yet be an unconscious seeking after effect. There will always be a majority who, from the simple and amiable desire to please, will float with the tide whichever way it sets, and will adopt whatever chances to be in vogue, without once questioning whether it is reconcilable with the dictates of a sound judgment or an approved taste. And it so happens, probably by reason of the very thoughtlessness with which they take up with what is new, they invariably exaggerate its peculiar feature, until that which may have been well-intentioned and well-judged at the outset has been reduced to the utterest caricature of the principle it was designed to embody. When refinement had become a mere varnish, and polished manners no better than a gilding, it was high time that the tawdry lacker should be torn away, and the coat of paint rubbed off. The wisest course would then have been at once to substitute a genuine material, and to inlay it with workmanship of purest gold. But this would have been a costly restoration. A decree seems to have gone forth against it. The order of the day is masculinity. It

is an unbecoming fashion, but no doubt it is (to unrefined minds) a fashion easy to be adopted. It can cost comparatively little continuous effort to attain the art of being rough and awkward, unpolished and ungente. Assume any ungainly posture that is easiest, adopt any coiffure that makes the face look sternest, speak in any tone that makes the voice sound harshest, walk in any style that develops the most vigour of muscle, toss the head, swing the arm freely, use a parasol as a walking-stick or shoulder it as a musket, indulge in any tricks that our grandmothers would have denounced as unfeminine or ungenteel, and you are a lady quite *à la mode*. Refinement is out of date. Gentleness is voted common-place. Quietness is set down as a synonym for dulness and insipidity. Our minstrels must leave off tuning their lays in celebration of woman's charms, or they must learn the harder task of translating their verses into another dialect, and transposing their melodies into a new key. They must lay aside the lyre for the clarion. They must indite epics in lieu of odes, and substitute hexameters for alcaics. Their metaphors must be taken from the noisy hurricane rather than from the zephyr, from the roaring cataract rather than from the sparkling brooklet, from the mountain-pine rather than from the rose or the lily, from the owl instead of the dove, from the mastiff instead of the gazelle.

Fashion, while it is imperious enough in the demands which it makes on its votaries, holds itself amenable neither to laws of convenience nor to laws of beauty. It owns no standard of taste. Capriciously it seems to ring at will the varied changes of shape and size, alternating between large and small, round and square, high and low, full and scant. The close observer may nevertheless note one secret influence constantly in operation, which, like a hidden spring, directs these apparently conflicting movements. Fashion is a rigid aristocrat, and therefore binds itself by one unchanging law,—the law that, as soon as the lower classes have taken to the garb or manners of those who move in a higher social orb, the latter must unhesitatingly cast aside, at whatever sacrifice, the robe or the custom which has been thus demeaned by plebeian imitation. The cut of a dress is obviously more facile of adoption than are forms of speech or modulations of accent. Hence it is that our modistes must produce constant novelties to supply the wardrobes of their lady-customers; and hence, too, the necessity for their frequent recurrence to the models of a bygone age. Could we have an historic show-room of the world's millinery, we should come across many a Renaissance-court. This guiding principle or law of fashion may be set down as one of the causes which have contributed to make such as are ladies by birth, by position, and by education, scarcely any longer recognizable as once they were by their lady-like manners or their lady-like utterances. Within the last half-century there has been a manifest change for the better among the formerly uneducated classes. They have come under humanizing and civilizing influences. Their eyes have been opened, and their ears quickened, their judgments exercised, and their tastes cultivated. They have



acquired habits of self-control, which were to a great extent unknown among them before. While learning to recognize the eternal and paramount distinction between right and wrong, they have also come to discern the subordinate, but not less actual, difference between what is coarse and what is delicate, between what is unlovely and what is of good report. Their manners have been softened, their communications have clothed themselves in a purer diction, their voices have been subdued to a more melodious pitch. It was not an unsymbolic, though it was certainly an unseemly thing when tradesmen began to speak of having received their orders from "the young lady in the kitchen." The ladies in the drawing-room naturally took the alarm. They discovered that it was not their flounces or their ringlets alone that had to be discarded. Their politeness, their amenities, their silvery accents, all their hitherto peculiarly distinctive characteristics, had to be renounced—for these had become "vulgar," decidedly "vulgar." If servants would move gently, their mistresses must learn to bustle about for the sheer sake of contrast. If villagers would deport themselves like gentlewomen, our peeresses and our commoners had no resource but to make their daughters acquire the cast-off manners of the peasant girl. We have heard of a foreign lady, who, when only beginning to speak the English language, went one day into a milliner's shop to select a bonnet from the stock. Several were rejected as not in accordance with her taste. Another was produced, which struck her fancy; "A very lady-like bonnet, that is, Ma'am," said the tirewoman. The term was misunderstood. "Lady-like!" cried the intended purchaser, as she removed the unoffending bonnet from her head with a gesture of dismay;—"take it away!—lady-like! you say?—not for me, not for me!" It would almost seem as if some such horror of the "lady-like" had become an epidemic.

If no more were involved in all this than a mere matter of fashion, it would not be worth the waste of words. There are few follies that will not eventually cure themselves, if they meet with no marked encouragement on the one hand, nor with any violent opposition on the other. The prevalence of manners which cannot but strongly remind one of the "dames bavardes et bruyantes," who composed the court of the unworthy Isabel of Bavaria, may not, however, be regarded as a mere accompaniment of the predilection for antique costume and fantastic head-dress. It is manifestly a feature of the times, and, as such, it becomes a significant and heedworthy token. It need not be superstitiously considered as an omen of things that are to come. The dark clouds, which so many of our sentinels report as looming in our political horizon, are not yet so portentous as to necessitate the belief that Britain's defence will require the interposition of Amazonian bands. Yet, if it were so, mythology would tell us of a light-footed Camilla, and would thereby teach us a lesson, which is none the less truthful for its having been handed down in the poetic garb of allegory. History, too, with its unfictitious pen, would confirm the moral by reminding us of a Joan of Arc, with a countenance full of

repose, and a heart replete with tenderness. It is not the blustering who are always found the most heroic, nor the retiring who are always found the most helpless, when the moment of real peril comes.

It is neither as a prophecy of the future, nor as a mere whim of the moment, that the mystery is to be interpreted. There are deeper solutions of the enigma than these. False principles have sprung up among us, and they are yielding their harvest of tares. There are false principles of art. Cardinal Wiseman gives a word of useful warning on this head, when he says:—"We have almost canonized defects, and sanctified monstrosities. What was the result of ignorance or unskillfulness, we attribute to some mysterious influence or deep design. A few terms give sanction to any outrageousness in form, anatomy, or position; to stiffness, hardness, meagreness, inexpressiveness—nay, to impossibilities in the present structure of the human frame. Feet twisted round, fingers in wrong order on the hand, heads inverted on their shoulders, distorted features, squinting eyes, grotesque postures, bodies stretched out as if taken from the rack, enormously elongated extremities, grimness of features, fierceness of expression, and an atrocious contradiction to the anatomical structure of man—where this is displayed—are not only allowed to pass current, but are published in the Transactions of Societies, are copied into stained glass, images, and prints, and are called 'mystical,' or 'symbolical,' or 'conventional' forms and representations. And this is enough to get things praised and admired, which can barely be tolerated by allowance for the rudeness of their own age. We have seen representations of saints such as we honestly declare we should be sorry to meet in flesh and blood, with the reality of their emblematic sword or club about them, on the highway at evening." The applicability of this remark to the theme in hand is obvious. Were it needful to select an exemplification in point, the ornamental decoration which employs so many spare hours might well be adverted to. It would be out of place here to discuss the general or the religious tendency of our return to illuminated-Psalter work; but it may be observed in passing that if the old missal-paintings are to be servilely copied, and ancient manuscripts (indiscriminately selected) are to supply details as well as hints, patterns of form as well as of hue, this favourite occupation will only increase the deterioration of taste, and lessen the appreciation of what is truly beautiful. The eye which makes an habitual study of uncouth outlines, repulsive countenances, and uncomfortable attitudes, is likely enough to become deadened to the perception of what is natural, and becoming, and pleasant.

But there are false moral teachings afloat which are still more to be dreaded than mistaken æsthetics. Such especially are the doctrines which have been put forth by some in the defence of woman's rights. It is true that all such advocacy has not been misplaced, nor all such labour been in vain. Those who have judiciously exerted themselves in the cause are worthy their due meed of praise. They have drawn attention to the oppressed, and ensured to her the possession of her hard-slaved-for earnings. They have lifted up a cry in behalf of half-

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starved needlewomen, which has procured asylums for the destitute, work for those out of employ, and societies for the regulation of their pay. They have pleaded for the unprotected, and gained for her the liberty to go and come when and where she may on her errands of business or of benevolence. They have spoken a word for the gifted, and opened to them many a hitherto needlessly barred door of honest exertion and honourable self-support. But there is a point at which the wise will always stay their hand. That point has been overpassed, when it has been contended that woman may claim a full equality with man, or that it beseems her to intermeddle with all knowledge, or that she should in any sense seek to be sufficient unto herself. Such tenets as these are well calculated to gratify her vanity, and inquisitiveness, and pride, at the expense of that lowliness, that modesty, and that self-abnegation which ought ever to be regarded as her crowning virtues. It is here that modern female education is pre-eminently at fault. There is a courting of publicity, a striving after bold effects, a fostering of independence, a nurturing of self-conceit, a developing of undue self-reliance, which produces its natural result in forwardness of character, boisterousness of manner, audacity of mien, and curtness of speech.

To lay down minute rules for the remedy of the evil would be unwise. No true educator would desire it. Every individual case requires its own specific treatment. The teacher who knows *what* he has to aim at, and sets himself diligently to attain that end, will find the ways and means that may be best suited for the pupils who are under training. Let the mind of the young, we would say, be disciplined, but at the same time, and even to a greater extent, let the heart be cultured. Let there be an encouragement of the *fortiter in re*, but let it be ever accompanied by an equally stringent inculcation of the *sua-riter in modo*. Let every attention be paid to those indispensable exercises and healthful recreations which tend to strengthen the frame; but let it be ceaselessly borne in mind that girls may be made robust without being made rough, and that they may be vigorous without being athletes. Let there be cherished a due sense of what pertains to woman *as woman*. Let it be clearly understood, that just as the perfection of a man's nature is when his thorough manliness is qualified by a redeeming touch of gentleness which seems to charm with all the pleasure of a surprise, so the perfection of a woman's nature is when her thorough womanhood is retained, though all the while preserved from degenerating into weakness by just a due proportion (and no more) of manlike wisdom, and force, and energy. Let there be a design so to train the daughters of our land that they may best meet their probable and possible future,—able to cling, if a support be granted them,—able to maintain themselves, if a prop be withheld or removed. Let there be an effort to concentrate in their character all those blended graces which bear affinity to the untiring beauties of nature in her summer-tide—beauties, not capricious like those of spring, nor pensive like those of autumn—beauties which are as rich as they are soft, as radiant as they are serene—beauties which are too

varied to become a weariness, and too lifesome to grow tame. Let there be a desire to see them not only "as corner-stones," solid, and stable, and strong, but "as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Above all, let there be a firm purpose to train them, not according to the prescriptions of any educational theorists, whether of an old school or a new, but according to the example of Him who lifted not up nor caused His voice to be heard in the streets, while His tenderness is such that He breaks not the bruised reed, and according to the precepts of His most holy word, which enrolls gentleness among the fruits of the Spirit, and declares the best adorning of woman to be "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

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### VIII.

### THE CENSUS BILL.

Who proposed the Census of 1851? No one can pretend that it originated with the Nonconformists, and yet the Nonconformists have never attempted to disturb or set it aside; nor would they object to some such inquiry now, could they see that it would subserve any good or important end. But, in the anticipation of another Census in 1861, they are disposed to ask—*cui bono*? They are satisfied with the results already obtained; and if other religious communities are not, let them frankly state the grounds of their dissatisfaction. Nothing is more easy than to speak of the system of 1851, as "vicious," or to assert that the Dissenters are afraid of "a more fair trial of strength." Only give them this "fair trial," and we venture to predict that not a murmur shall ever escape their lips. They are not "afraid of learning the truth," but they have a holy dread of its opposite. We are told that if we want to know anything about a man, "no plan could be more simple, direct, or one would think more harmless," than "to ask him." Granted; but is the answer in every instance to be relied on? Only assure us that he will speak the truth, and we have no objection to offer. But when we go to a man and tell him that he must inform us to what Religious Communion he belongs under a certain given penalty, we open the door to every form of misrepresentation and falsehood. He is compelled to have a church and a creed, even if he should never enter a place of worship, and be an avowed disbeliever in Divine Revelation. And should he belong to no Ecclesiastical Body whatever, he is forsooth reckoned among the members of the Established Church. It puts one in mind of a return made by a chaplain of one of our

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county prisons, in which, after giving all the necessary official information, he thanked God that not one of the prisoners was a Dissenter. Few Dissenters, we opine, will be found in 1861, among the tens of thousands of our non-church going population. And are these all to be put to the account of one dominant sect? If there must be a Religious Census, let Conformists and Nonconformists return their respective numbers of communicants and church members, and then we shall all have "a fair trial of strength." We ask for no such census, nor have we any desire to parade our numbers. At the same time, we do solemnly protest against the dishonest principle which would look upon every man who does not range himself on the side of Nonconformity as belonging to the Church of England, whether or not he ever unites in her worship or partakes of her ordinances.

If this proposed Census be the result of any secret or expressed desire on the part of the Established Church, then we should like to ask the members of that Community what the precise object is which they have in view. Is it to ascertain the moral and spiritual destitution of the people, and then to provide for these known wants? The returns which are now asked for will rather conceal than disclose this destitution. They will be the few who will not profess themselves to belong to some one of the various denominations; and thus our town and rural population will appear to be in such a state of moral and spiritual well-being as to awaken but little solicitude, and to call forth still less of Christian effort. The Church will become more supine and more inactive; indifference and ungodliness will obtain more widely; the irreligious and the profané will pour contempt upon our Christianity, and hold up her professed followers to ridicule and scorn! Or is it the belief of the Established Church, that in the new Census she is certain of a majority? Will such a majority add to her inherent life and strength? Or does she mean to convert a mere preponderance of numbers into a triumph over other sections of the Christian Church, who are as firm believers as herself in the Truth of God, and as much alive to the interests and welfare of their country? Let her remember that "pride cometh before a fall," and that what she deems her strength may prove to be an element of weakness, of decay, of death. Churchmen avow that they have no wish to conceal their opinions; nor have the Nonconformists. But there is all the difference that can be conceived between not concealing our opinions, and our being compelled by the Government under which we live to state them, and that too under a heavy and impending penalty. In 1851, the Census, as it was then taken, was a happy expedient to obtain certain specific facts; but who pretends to say that this proposed Religious Return will be even an approximation to the truth? With the enlightened and honourable Member for Leeds we fully concur, when he says:—"I have no objection to the Census being made similar to the Census of 1851. A more honourable, fair, and impartial report than that which was prefixed to the Census of Public Worship in 1851, I have never seen. But I am afraid it was the impartiality of that report

which had something to do with prejudicing certain classes of the community against the repetition of such an exposure as was then made. The enumeration of the places of public worship, and the condition of them, would indicate with much more exactness than could be obtained in any other way what the real *bonâ fide* strength of each denomination was. The proposed plan would tempt some who had no religion to profess a religion which they had not, and others to profess a religion different from that which they believed. Such returns could not by any possibility be trustworthy; they must be vague, defective, and equivocal. It had been proposed to withdraw the penalty, but the clause would then be still more objectionable on statistical grounds."

In 1851, the Nonconformists had a decided majority of Church attendants; and if in this present Census the non-Church going population is to be included, then, to deal fairly, at least one-half of their number should be put down to the side of Dissent; for we have as much right to assume that they are Dissenters as that they are Churchmen; and then let all parties exert themselves to meet the claims, and provide for the spiritual wants of these churchless and irreligious masses. We fear that the Government are in this case being made the cat's-paw of an Ecclesiastical Party; that this Return will be converted into an outcry for Church Extension, that for such Church Extension, and the support of a Parochial Clergy, the Parliament will be asked to legislate; and thus the Nonconformists be called to support a system from which they conscientiously dissent.

We are happy to find that the Nonconformists are awake to the impending danger. Throughout the country committees are being formed, public meetings are being held, strong resolutions are being passed, petitions to the Legislature are being prepared and signed, and everywhere there are symptoms of close vigilance and determined effort. In proposing such a Census, the Government has gone wholly out of their province; and in persisting in their course, against the most enlightened and reasonable remonstrances, they have awakened a feeling which will tell fatally against them in time to come. In proof of this, we have but to refer to the attitude now taken by the Congregational Board of London. At a meeting held on Tuesday, June 19th, while approving of the Bill for taking the Census of England, they solemnly protested against any Return of Religious Profession, on the following grounds:—

"Because they deny the right of Government to make inquisition into the 'religious profession' of any of her Majesty's subjects.

"Because they hold it to be unquestionable, that vast multitudes of the people have no religion to profess, and can, therefore, make no return of a 'religious profession' themselves; nor is it possible that authorized Enumerators, or any other person, can make such return in their behalf, as the said Bill requires.

"Because they are confident that, should the obnoxious words be

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retained, such numbers of the Nonconforming community will conscientiously decline to supply the information required as must necessarily vitiate the entire returns.

“Because, in the event of the Enumerators and Registrars under the provisions of the said Bill making any independent or corrected returns of the aforesaid parties, and of multitudes besides, who, from various reasons, cannot or will not make any returns themselves, such returns will be defective, ambiguous, and fallacious, and therefore utterly worthless.

“Because they are assured that, if returns of such a character should at any future time be made the basis of legislative action on religious or ecclesiastical matters, such action would necessarily be partial and unjust, and would be in opposition to the spirit of the British Constitution.

“Because, earnestly desiring the peace of the community, they deplore the introduction into the Bill of such an element of theological strife, such a provocative of the antagonism of parties, and such an instrument of intimidation and oppression as the words ‘religious profession’ would inevitably prove.”

Let the Nonconformists throughout the kingdom take the same bold and decisive attitude, and the effect will be all but irresistible.

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## IX.

### THE SUNDAY TRAFFIC BILL.

CHRISTIANITY is a system of the purest benevolence, and all its provisions are in perfect harmony with individual freedom of action. It lays no restraint on man which is not conducive to his physical as well as his spiritual, his present and temporal as well as his future and eternal well-being. It has its laws of limitation, but these are the results of an Infinite Wisdom and Love. Every law of our being, whether physical or moral, is founded in the perfection of reason and beneficence; and every violation of such law, as of all law, has its corresponding penalty.

Now, the highest authority has told us that “the Sabbath was made for man.” The ancient law prescribed a day from which there

was no departure ; Christianity makes nothing of the day, but every-thing of the spirit or end for which the day was set apart. That end is clearly the good of man. The day brings to him, in body and mind, certain positive advantages ; and whatever infringes his liberty, or in any way interferes with his interests on that day, is a violation of its spirit or design. And on this ground we enter our protest against Lord Chancellor Chelmsford's Bill for the regulation of traffic on the Lord's-day. Professing to restrict and limit that traffic to certain hours and certain articles, it in fact reduces the Sabbath to the three canonical hours of from ten to one, and leaves the remainder of the day to be appropriated and spent according to the man's taste or predilection, with only a few insignificant restrictions. Then what is to forbid or prevent the Sabbath from becoming a day of business, with the exception of these three hours, or a day of public amusements, calling for a new edition of the Book of Sports ? Why may not our theatres, music halls, museums, national galleries, and the other numberless places of attraction be opened, and for the sanctities and the services of so blessed an institution, substitute the hilarities and the doings of a sensuous and sensual age ? The Bill has already passed the House of Lords ; but we fondly hope that its progress will be effectually arrested in the House of the People. All nature calls for its periodical rest ; and man is no exception. He must have his Sabbath, his seasons of rest and recreation ; and far distant, we trust, is the day when England will ever give up her Sunday, or convert that day which was made for man, to subserve the interests of soul and body, into a day of public business or popular festivity. We are neither Pharisees nor Ascetics, but we believe in the ordinations of Heaven and in the happiness of man ; and therefore we deem it the part of true wisdom to "remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy."

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## X.

## NAPOLEON III. AND THE STATE OF EUROPE.\*

OF all the political questions which can at the present moment be proposed, there is not one which can be compared in importance to that which is indicated by the title of this article. An English Reform Bill may be delayed for a Session or two, and nobody be any the worse. The Peers may interpose a month's delay in the removal of the Paper Duty, and the utmost mischief will be that the penny periodicals will be printed for a little longer upon coarse straw paper. "Refreshment-houses" may have their licenses trembling in the scales, and the nation will wait with patience till Parliament shall make up its mind how to deal with the question. The same temper which prevails in England will be found in other countries also with regard to all that has merely a domestic interest. In fact, all minor questions are swallowed up in the absorbing one:—Are we to have peace? Are the arts and sciences, commerce and literature, to develop their resources? Or are we to be exclusively occupied with new shells, rifled cannon, and improved military tactics? Are our taxes to go on increasing as our means of meeting them diminish? Is education to be discouraged by that general insecurity which a great—almost a universal war engenders? Are we to retrench all expenses which can be retrenched because our country calls for augmented armaments? And are we to act as those Carthaginians who cut off their hair to make bowstrings? Domestic matters must all depend on this preliminary question, and it is to the solution of this problem we now proceed to address ourselves.

Peace or War!—and on whom does it depend to decide? We hesitate not to say—ON THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. It seems to be generally agreed by our alarmists that there is but one quarter from which it is at all likely that war can arise, and they are not far wrong in this conclusion. When the Crimean War was concluded, he who originated it slept with his fathers, and his empire, longing for progress, willingly put off to some more convenient season the accomplishment of those designs which never sleep in the bosom of a Russian Czar. Austria is alike bankrupt in character and finance; she would willingly remain at peace with all nations, and it is doubtful whether anything short of depriving her of a province would stir her to warlike enterprise. Prussia has nothing to gain by fighting, which might not be more easily gained by diplomacy; and all the minor German States could not, were they to combine their forces, raise an army really formidable to any one of the Great Powers. As to Spain, she has already declared her intention not to interfere on behalf of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples, and has thereby

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\* The right of translation is reserved.

pledged herself to a peaceful policy. The other Powers are all too much engaged with domestic business to be desirous of war; and there is, therefore, only one which has unquestionably the power, and may have the inclination, to embroil Europe in a long and ruinous struggle. It is a matter of great importance, therefore, at the present time, that we should make ourselves, as far as possible, acquainted with the policy of that Power. If we are to have a war, it will be one of a most tremendous and destructive character; and if, as is most probable, we should emerge from the contest victorious, it could only be at such a loss of blood and treasure as to leave us but little cause for rejoicing.

But, is such a war inevitable? A great number, if not an actual majority, of thinking men among us say that it is; and their argument, which we will be careful not to understate, is as follows:—The Emperor of the French has declared, they say, that he is the heir of his uncle's policy, as well as the occupant of his uncle's throne. He has not scrupled to say that he represents a defeat—and that defeat is none other than Waterloo. He has accepted St. Helena as a solemn legacy, and has struck a medal to commemorate it; and lest these declarations should lose their significance, he has made warlike preparations such as place France at the head of the military and naval world. Her navy is but little inferior to our own; her army immeasurably more powerful. Her coasts are defended by fortifications of the most costly and elaborate character, and her military schools are kept up to the highest point of efficiency. At no time was the French army better officered than at the present, and among those who hold the first commands, there is not one who more thoroughly understands the art of war, and is a more able and practical soldier, than he who directs the operations of half a million of armed men. If, then, these are the results of the Empire, for what purpose are they intended? Against whom are these armaments set on foot? Against what foe are these coasts so carefully protected? The answer is to be found in the Emperor's declaration, that "he represents the defeat of Waterloo!" and that "the treaties of Vienna must undergo a revision." It would be absurd to suppose that France would arm to so great an extent, were not the power which she intends to oppose a great naval power, and there is no naval power, save England, which she could not easily and speedily repress.

With these reflections in mind, the reasoners in question say, without the slightest hesitation:—The Emperor only waits a favourable opportunity to make a descent upon our coasts; to annihilate our naval supremacy, and to revenge to the very utmost the defeat suffered at Waterloo! Now, as he is not a man changeable of purpose, and as he has never relaxed his warlike preparations for a moment, as he has from time to time practised his troops in European warfare, and has had the satisfaction of finding them equal to any emergency, and in all probability superior to the best regiments of his uncle, the time of his carrying his designs into effect is all that remains to



be settled. The war may be postponed for a while ; but, ultimately, it must and will come. Moreover, there is another, and even more potent reason for expecting it, and that, at no distant period. Napoleon III. is in the position of those Roman Emperors who were the creatures of the Prætorian Guard. He rules by the will of the army. So long as their bayonets support him, he reigns ; directly their influence deserts him, he falls. He must, therefore, consult their interests and flatter their passions. War from time to time they must have, and a great nation like France cannot wage little wars. To wipe out in English blood the disgrace, as some call it, of Waterloo, would be a task worthy the descendants of those veterans who fought at Austerlitz, and the glory is one which every French soldier looks forward to share.

From this combination of feelings and interests, it is argued that peace is impossible ; and it is only a question of years, or months, before Europe shall again become the theatre of war from one end to the other. We believe that in the foregoing pages we have fairly stated the position of the alarmists, and we must admit that it is by no means a weak one ; but we must complete the picture. If we ceased here, it might be said that the whole theory was consistent, whether correct or incorrect, and it would be to the advantage of the alarmist that we should do so ; but we are bound to give the whole case, and shall proceed therefore in our task. We are reminded of the grasping ambition of the French Government ; we have their African conquests pointed out to us, and the plans of M. Lesseps are alleged as further exhibitions of the same spirit. French influence is said to be paramount in Turkey and increasing in Egypt. The Isthmus of Suez is to be cut through by a canal, which must tend to the peril of our Eastern possessions ; stations are to be established along the western shore of the Red Sea, and finally a French Empire is to be founded in the east, having Madagascar for its nucleus, which is to extend along the coasts of that mighty continent, casting out the Portuguese as it grows, till at last the French and English colonists meet face to face in south Africa. It is presumed, first, that all this is intended ; secondly, that it will take place ; and thirdly, that it must tend to the injury of our colonial empire.

We have said nothing about the French claim to the boundary of the Rhine, both because we shall have by-and-by to consider it in detail and at some length, and because in the alarmist scheme it forms but a small item in a vast plan of foreign conquest ; for the same reasons, we have said nothing about the recent acquisition of Nice and Savoy. This, then, is the prospect held out by those who regard the Empire of Louis Napoleon as a focus of disturbance.

Let us now take a review of what has been hitherto the policy of that Empire, and see how far we are warranted in such gloomy anticipations. The Emperor has declared that he is the heir of his uncle's policy, save that he repudiates the idea of foreign conquest ; he has said, *L'Empire c'est la Paix*. He has announced himself as the inheritor of a defeat, the effects of which he is to undo. Our first

inquiry is, then, what is the policy which, setting foreign conquest aside, may be designated Napoleonic? First it means the restoration of the Empire as it was under the first Napoleon. All French speaking populations in Europe must, to its completion, be united under the sceptre of a French monarch, and be subject to that wonderful code, the *Code Napoléon*. The Empire must have strong *natural* boundaries; and these two conditions give us precisely the limits which marked the dominions of the first Napoleon. If we trace on a mere physical map of Europe, that is, a map from which all artificial divisions are removed, the boundaries of that realm, of which Paris is the capital, they will naturally arrange themselves thus:—From the southern boundary of the Pyrenees, the line will extend along the summits of those mountains to the Bay of Biscay; from thence it will follow the line of coast defined by that Bay and the British Channel to the mouth of the Rhine; it will then proceed along the course of that river till it touches the Alps, and taking their western slopes, will reach the Mediterranean, proceeding along that coast till it finds a natural termination on the summits of the southern Pyrenees. These are the limits given by nature; this was the extent of the Empire under its great founder, and this is the “idea” of the Empire entertained by the present occupant of the Napoleonic throne. But, besides the evident convenience of this arrangement, besides the compactness which it gives to the realm, something more is required before we can willingly accept so considerable a change in the distribution of Europe. If we look on Austria as the map presents her dominions, there is a great compactness of appearance presented by them; they seem to lie in a ring-fence, and to be exactly what is most desirable both to rulers and ruled; but when we come to make further inquiries, we ascertain that there is no national homogeneity—no sameness of language. Here we find an Italian province hating Germany and the Germans with a deadly hatred. Here a Bohemian kingdom, with a capital and language of its own, and scarcely yielding to the Italian in his detestation of the dominant race. Here lies the Hungarian realm, equally restless and dissatisfied; while the Croat, the Carinthian, and the Illyrian, have each their distinct nationality, and all feel equally enslaved by their German masters. Against such an incongruous mixture, there are reasons which cannot be overthrown by the mere convenience of geographical arrangement; and if such be the case with the provinces which go to make up the Napoleonic Empire, the “idea” is an unphilosophical one, and it could only be realized by an unprincipled ambition. But when we come to examine the case, we shall find that throughout the whole region the educated classes speak habitually French; that all classes are gradually adopting it as their language, and that there is no idea so popular along the left or western bank of the Rhine as that of annexation to France. On this point there is now no longer any doubt—it is too manifest to escape the notice alike of tourists and politicians. Within the before-mentioned limits, with a small exception, which we shall come by-and-by to consider,

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French is the language spoken, and French law is the law desired. Were there no external obstacles in the way, it would hardly be worth raising a question about it; it would be unhesitatingly acknowledged that the best thing for France, the best thing for the provinces in question, and the best thing for the integrity of Europe, would be the adoption at once of the frontiers so indicated, and the absorption of all the territory within them into the French Empire.

Now, it was by the treaties of Vienna in the year 1815, that Europe was parcelled out by the Holy Alliance; the partition of Poland was recognized, but a republic was permitted to exist at Cracow. Prussia was allowed to extend her territory beyond the Rhine. Venice and Lombardy were stamped as parts of the Austrian Empire, and the kingdom of the Netherlands was made out of Holland and Belgium. Furthermore, it was declared that no member of Napoleon's family could be capable of reigning in France, and the Emperor himself was removed to St. Helena to pine and die. These treaties have become by the lapse of time so much waste parchment—a Napoleon reigns in France—Lombardy is separated from Austria, and Belgium from Holland. The Holy Alliance has died a natural death. England and France have been allied against Russia. The republic of Cracow has been abolished. The Bourbons have been driven out of France, and are about to be driven out of Naples. Algeria has been consolidated and annexed to France, just as India has been to England; and it is difficult to say what remains of the provisions so carefully made by the treaties of 1815. It is clear that Louis Napoleon is right in demanding that they should be revised. The very existence of his own monarchy is a standing protest against them, and those potentates who admit him as a member of the family of sovereigns, are at least bound to remove and annul a treaty, every stipulation of which is stultified by their present acts.

These treaties are the result of the battle of Waterloo, and if they were abrogated, the defeat would be avenged. A raid into England could not do this, nor even a victory over the Prussians; but the scattering to the four winds of heaven those papers which have long been a dead letter—the reconstruction of the Empire on the basis of the first Napoleon's plan—the absorption of Belgium, and the Rhenane provinces of Prussia into France,—this would, indeed, be a vindication of Napoleon's policy, which might well become the heir of that great man to obtain. It was with this reconstruction in view that the Emperor made that memorable declaration—“*L'Empire c'est la Paix.*” “Let us have,” he would say, “the Empire—and Europe will as a necessary consequence have peace; but the Empire of Napoleon and the kingdom of Louis Phillippe were not the same thing. If I can do no more for France than merely preserve the purely arbitrary frontiers of the ‘*roi citoyen*,’ she will justly exclaim, that the restoration of the Empire is a merely nominal change. She requires that weight in the councils of Europe, which under the Bourbons she could not obtain; she demands that all in the continent of Europe who speak her language

and desire her laws should be incorporated with her dominions. She demands from all Europe the formal as well as the virtual recognition of that Government which she has thought fit to adopt; and the more so, as this is the second time she has adopted it, and as it was put down in 1815 by the absolutist powers of Europe, aided, and mainly subsidized, by England. This recognition can only be made by the revision of the treaties of Vienna." This is the demand made on the part of France by the Emperor when he declares—" *L'Empire c'est la Paix.*" This granted, it is *la paix*;—this refused, there is no promise that it shall not be *l'épée*.

But if this be in reality the demand of France, the question next arises, has she any right to make it?—that is, to make it as States make demands; viz., with a readiness to enforce compliance at the point of the bayonet? And to this question we answer, undoubtedly not—no more than England had to annex Ireland in the reign of Henry II. or Wales in that of Edward I. Nor, indeed, does it appear likely that the demand will be made in any such way. We have seen how a part of the programme has been accomplished, not indeed without war—but not by means of war waged for the avowed purpose of obtaining such advantages. Such a war would be contrary to the general opinion of nations, and it will be gradually that the various provinces included within the limits of the first Empire will be "*revendique.*" It will suffice for the present that France has given all Europe to understand what she requires. No one need allege ignorance of the demand, and few will be prepared to say that its accomplishment will be other than beneficial to the provinces concerned. If then this be granted; if it be admitted that the treaties of Vienna need revision, and are in fact at the present moment a dead letter; if it be granted that language is the best test of nationality, and that nationalities are to be respected, then it will appear that the demand of France is not in itself an unreasonable one, and that the sooner and the more completely it is complied with, the better for the peace and prosperity of Europe.

And here, perhaps, will be the place to say a few words on the mighty armaments which have occasioned in this country and in Germany such panic and such suspicion. Some French authorities have denied that anything has been done more than to raise the army and navy of France to that standard which the Napoleon of Peace, as Louis Philippe delighted to be called, considered necessary. All this we must frankly acknowledge to be mere pretence. The war-like preparations are preparations for war. The war may not come, but France must be prepared for it. Let it be imagined that the Emperor were to claim at this moment the boundary of the Rhine; it would unquestionably be refused, and he would then be compelled either to retract his demand, or to resort to war in order to enforce it. Either alternative would be calamitous: the one would be a loss of honour, and would make his very throne insecure; the other would be the signal for a general European conflagration, which would probably last many years, and occasion unspeakable

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misery. It will be seen, then, gradually and as circumstances pave the way for it, that the ancient limits of the Empire will be regained, but every step in the progress will require the presence of an army, and it may be a navy also. Had not the French army been in the highest degree disciplined, had there not been facility for throwing two hundred thousand men into Italy at a week's notice, Lombardy would still have groaned under Austrian rule. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany would still virtually have formed portions of the Hapsburgh's dominions. Sicily would have been still suffering under Mariscalco. Perugia and all the other cities of the Romagna would have been subject to the cardinal virtues, and Bomba II. would have looked forward to a long reign of cruelty and oppression. Directly or indirectly, the French army has reversed all this, and in return has *rectified* the south-east frontier of France, restoring the limit in that direction of the First Empire. Similar events may happen again, there is much that requires *rectifying* in Europe besides the French frontier; and the existence of a powerful army and navy in France may render diplomacy far more effectual than it would be if unsupported. Many nations may prefer to deliberate rather than to fight, and deliberation can hardly fail to be in favour of France in this respect—that her claims are not unreasonable, and can be satisfied without war.

We, in this country, are hardly just to our Great Rival; we are continually suspecting her of treachery, of a longing desire for territorial aggrandizement, and for advantages which can only be gained at the expense of other States. We complain of French influence in Turkey and Egypt—we are suspicious if we hear of a French alliance with Russia or even Denmark—we fancy that France encouraged Spain in her attack upon Morocco—we are jealous of the French having stations on the Red Sea—we cast an evil eye upon M. Lesseps and his scheme of a Suez Canal; but would it not be well that we should look at home? We are not an ambitious people:—oh no! quite the reverse; we do not want to interfere with any other nation; we do not seek for commanding posts, from which we may control the commerce of the world: yet somehow or other we have Gibraltar in Spain, commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean; Malta and Gozo in that sea, placed so as to enable us to intercept any sail between Italy and Africa. Alexandria is, to all practical purposes, an English port. Corfu commands the entrance to the Adriatic, and gives us a vast power over both Turkey and Austria. The other islands of the Septinsular Republic lie along and threaten the shores of Greece. On the very coast of France, and naturally belonging to it, lie Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark,—islands, the inhabitants of which are more intensely English in their feelings than the English themselves. These islands are admirably placed so as to shelter fleets operating on the coast of France, and we have taken care to fortify and prepare Alderney accordingly. Off the mouth of the Elbe we have Heligoland, and at the entrance to the straits of Babel Mandel we possess the island of Perim. We have a very good right

to all these ports. We should resent, and very justly, any attempt to take them out of our hands ; we are not likely to do any mischief by means of them, but, on the contrary, they are necessary for us, as enabling us to carry on a commerce which is for the benefit of the whole world. But having them, and intending to keep them, we certainly have no right to inveigh against France for desiring a few stations on the shores of the Red Sea, or a certain amount of influence in the court of Abyssinia. As to M. Lesseps and his scheme, we are quite satisfied in this country that it will never pay ; we know from the reports of our engineers that it is very doubtful whether the Canal can ever be made, and quite certain that it will be filled up with sand before it be finished. Besides, even if it were made, it is difficult to see what harm it would do us ; our ships could make use of it as well as the French, and the more stations there are between Suez and Aden the better for travellers. It seems scarcely worth while to expose the folly of objecting to French colonization in Madagascar. Even if the French were to occupy the whole of that fine island, so much the better would it be for the world. Algeria is better off in itself, and infinitely more profitable to other nations now than it was in the days of the old pirating Algerines ; and were the French tricolour flying from every fort and harbour in Madagascar and Eastern Africa, along the range of the Atlas and throughout Morocco, civilization and the cause of humanity would gain immeasurably by the change. Why should we object ? We have an infinitely greater and mightier Empire, far more extensive than that of ancient Rome even in her palmiest days ; and if France proposes to herself such conquests as those which we have indicated, they will be conquests over barbarism and brutality. It is time that we learned to give up a jealousy which neither becomes us as a great nation, nor aids in any way our real progress.

But we must return to Europe. Hitherto we have endeavoured to show that the policy of the Empire is an intelligible one, that the claims of France are not in themselves unreasonable, and that the success of that policy would be an advantage to all the other Powers. But we have only done so by exhibiting it as essential to the continuance of peace. It would be well for the Trans-Rhenane provinces of Prussia to be absorbed into France, their populations speak French, they desire French laws, and would be all the better for annexation ; but what can France do to convince Prussia that *she* will be better without these outlying provinces ? And we cannot expect that the Government of Prussia will surrender an extensive tract of country for no better reason than that the inhabitants desire it, and feel that they should be the better for the separation. A glance at the map will show how to solve this problem. Prussia might have an equivalent in actual value, and far more important for her. The kingdom of the Hohenzollerns has been increasing since its sovereigns were merely electors of Brandenburg, year by year, till it has become one of the Great Powers. Here a province has been obtained, and there a hamlet—now a dukedom, and now a prin-



cipality ; but each separate from the rest, and often with the territories of other petty princes intervening. The kingdom forms a series of blots on the map, each blot surrounded by the dominions of some other High Mightiness, whose whole estate is often not larger than an English county ; and thus it resembles what England would be, did half-a-dozen counties boast an independent government—a right to make war and peace independent of the British crown—and if all Scotland, with the exception of half-a-dozen isolated shires, rejoiced in a similar independence. Removing all considerations of foreign policy out of sight, it will be evident that the best thing for the whole of Northern Germany would be the absorption of these petty states into Prussia. Their quasi-independent sovereigns might be recompensed with high dignities under the Prussian crown, and a sufficient sum might be set aside out of their revenues to support the dignity thus bestowed. That these little States, scarcely more than a few parishes in extent, should have each a government and a policy, a law establishment, a church, an army, and a police, is clearly a very expensive way of managing the matter. The sovereign cannot be independent, the subject must be taxed more heavily than is necessary, and the sooner the farce comes to a conclusion the better for all parties. One such sovereign, and he by no means the smallest among them, openly declares his acquiescence in this doctrine. Ernest, Duke of Saxe Coburg, the brother of our Prince Consort, has announced his readiness to give up his nominal independence of rule, and accept office under the Prussian crown. The effect of such a step extensively carried out, would be to consolidate the Prussian kingdom, to diminish the burdens of some millions of German subjects, to abolish a fertile field for petty intrigues, and to give us a powerful, because a united Protestant Germany. It would be a question for further consideration whether Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg should not be mediatized as well as the States with less lofty denominations ; there are many reasons which might be urged in favour of such a proceeding. Saxony is a Protestant kingdom, with a Roman Catholic king ; Wurtemberg is too small by far for its rank, it counts for nothing in the policy of Europe ; and Hanover, though possessing a little more territory, derives more importance from its dynastic connection with this country than from any power or resources of its own. States like these are anomalies in the midst of the Great Powers. They have no claims as nations, and nothing that can be said in favour of their continued isolation can have half so much weight as that by their consolidation they would create a Protestant and a United Germany. With these additions to her territory, Prussia might again establish the old German Empire, and the balance of power be brought to a far more equitable condition than while there are some six and thirty sovereign houses, each claiming its own separate internal and foreign policy.

It may be well to notice that if French aggression be the thing to be feared, this plan would build up a bulwark against it, such as no other scheme could supply. England and Germany, united under circum-

stances such as these, could effectually keep France within her proper boundaries, should she desire to overleap them; and there is no reason why England and Prussia should stand alone.

But there is another Power to be consulted. In the year 1830, the Belgians rebelled against the King of the Netherlands, and Lord Palmerston, siding with the insurgents, cut them off a slice of the Low Countries, gave them Brussels for a capital, and Leopold for a king. Now, the Belgians are on the left or western bank of the Rhine; they speak French, and almost to a man desire annexation to France. In this case, there is a royal family to be satisfied; and it may not be easy to find an equivalent for a kingdom so comfortable, a capital so elegant, and a civil list so unexceptionable. But here, at all events, there is no ancient tradition to be preserved, no hereditary prescription to be respected, and the changes which will in all probability take place before long in the east of Europe may satisfy the parvenu royalty of Belgium without endangering the peace of the world.

But these are the things which, in their uncertainty, render it necessary for the Emperor of the French to be prepared for a terrible and devastating war. "Is it likely," the French Cabinet may argue, "that England will allow Belgium to be absorbed, seeing that Belgium is a creation of her own? Is it likely that she will allow Prussia to be dismembered, seeing that the royal families of England and Prussia are so closely connected as it is, and likely to be still more closely connected hereafter?" Those provinces which may be given as an equivalent to Prussia are German provinces; and is there a German court which England is not likely to support, so thoroughly Germanised as the court of England is itself? Will the interests of the Hanoverian family be neglected, or will even the ideas of Hanoverian policy be passed by? And if England and Prussia be resolved to maintain the *status quo* in Germany, would Austria be a reliable ally to France on the other side? It is scarcely possible to think of her except as joining with the other German Powers. Hanover, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are sure to be members of the league; and their contingent, united with that of Belgium, would alone make a formidable army, and with Prussia, England, and Austria, in spite of the bankruptcy of the latter, might defy the world in arms. It would be very unlikely that Russia would aid France in case such a league were formed. Russia is essentially a Conservative Power, and one which is by no means anxious to spread French political principles, whether they take the form of Republicanism or that of Imperialism. The French Government would possibly have Spain, and probably Italy, as allies; but Spain has foreign possessions to lose, and would certainly lose them in the very first campaign. Cuba and the Philippines would be transferred to English rule, and the former might very likely be sold to the United States at once. The Spanish colonies in Africa would not be held, and it is hardly likely that even the French navy, great as it is, would suffice to keep the French flag afloat anywhere save in France itself. All these possible, nay probable results would have to be deliberately borne in mind;



and if the boundary of the Rhine be a necessary result of the Empire, the Emperor must be prepared to fight for it; and he must be prepared to do this under certain very disadvantageous circumstances. It is quite true that the good sense of England may lead her to prefer peace at home and abroad to the interests of a few German dynasties. Prussia herself may see that her true policy lies in consolidating her own empire, and in securing a homogeneous, that is, a German-speaking population. The evils which have fallen upon Austria, through the composition of her people, a people of divers races and languages, must have served as a warning to the sister German Power, and one that can hardly fail to have been understood and appropriated. If the Belgian family can be provided for, and the interests of the petty German States be consulted, and Prussia compensated, there need be no war, even though the French people, speaking by the mouth of their monarch, demand their natural frontier. But will England be wise enough to understand this? Shall we allow the voice of common sense to prevail? Will our Court prefer the interests of England to the interests of Germany? This remains yet to be seen; and if there be a doubt in the mind of the public here, much more must there be a doubt in the mind of Louis Napoleon; and till that doubt be solved, he must, in the interests of France, keep up a fleet and army capable of making head against a coalition such as we have described.

The state of Europe at this time is very peculiar; there is a general gravitation of small States towards larger ones. In the north, everything tends to the formation of a great Scandinavian kingdom by the union of Denmark to Norway and Sweden. The royal family of Denmark have no claims on the Danish people; and it is becoming more and more evident that Denmark is too small to stand alone. The union of the Scandinavian race under one head, and the clear severance from Germany of the Northern kingdom, will be the best guarantee that Europe can have against the further encroachments of Russia in a western direction; and if religious toleration be established throughout the realm, Protestantism will then reign over all the North of Europe, with the prospect of continued and increasing success.

But it is not only in the north that this gravitation manifests itself. In Spain, there is a strong party which desires the union of Spain and Portugal under the sceptre of the House of Braganza; the scheme is one which gathers new adherents continually, and has in it many elements of popularity. We shall soon see an Italian kingdom, with Victor Emmanuel at its head; and by far the best thing which could happen to the Septinsular Republic would be the disintegration of its territories, the taking of Corfu as a permanent possession of the British crown, and the annexation of the other six islands, either to the kingdom of Greece, or to that Power, whatever it may be, which shall ultimately take Constantinople for its capital. Small States are too expensive. Portugal is all but in a state of bankruptcy at the present time; she keeps up a fleet and an army

far beyond her means, and for which she has not the slightest necessity. The Papedom is the worst and most expensively-governed State in the world; and there are sovereign princes in Germany who make up their revenues by a monopoly of the various trades of baker, butcher, laundress, and undertaker. In the interests of monarchy, these anomalies ought to be suppressed, and sovereigns be made everywhere powerful enough to command respect, and to obtain some weight for their States in the councils of Europe.

A notion seems to prevail among some French politicians, and it is warmly taken up in Servia, Wallachia, and the adjacent States, that Austria alone should possess Turkey in Europe whenever the heritage of the Sick Man is broken up; and they propose to give her only a Slavonic and Rouman population, annexing the German part of her dominions together with the Tyrol to Bavaria, and thus erecting that State into a Great Power to counterbalance the increased weight of Prussia in the north. It seems doubtful whether this plan be feasible, and it certainly involves many elements about which it would be imprudent at present to speculate; but we notice it here as a proof of the direction which the Continental mind is taking, and as showing how great changes are gradually looming in the distance, and familiarizing themselves to the political inquirer.

We have now endeavoured to show what the policy of the French empire is;—what is the meaning of those important words—“*L'Empire c'est la Paix* ;”—and how certain it is that nothing less than the restoration of the First Empire, as it was in 1811, can satisfy the requirements of France! We have endeavoured to show that those demands are not unreasonable in themselves, and that their concession would be for the advantage of all Europe. We have indicated more than one manner in which they may be granted without danger, and have shown that the very steps taken to gratify France can be only so taken as to strengthen and consolidate Germany. It will be almost wholly with our Government to decide what shall be done; if we decide for peace, peace it will be; if we decide on war, we have only to take up the cause of the small German Principalities, and decree that they shall continue nominally independent, with just as much power of free action as to prevent the united action of Prussia and Austria, and to be a thorn in the side of either.

There is only one rational objection to the whole frontier of the Rhine, and that is, that at the mouth of that river Holland is divided into two parts. Now, no effort of imagination can make out a plausible case for a French nationality here. Nothing can make the Dutchman look, talk, cook, or feel like a Frenchman. It seems indispensable that Holland should be preserved; she might be rendered neutral, and placed under the joint protection of France, Prussia, and England; the latter Power being introduced in case of hostilities arising at any time between the two former. And this brings us to the state and claims of Switzerland. It seems highly desirable that that country should be permanently neutralized; neither would nor will any difficulty be presented by this; it is convenient alike for



France, Italy, and whatever German Power may rule on the southwestern frontier, that there should be between them a neutral territory, nor do we see any reason to believe that any one of the three Powers has any intentions to the contrary.

But a matter of far more moment than this is the policy of the Emperor towards ourselves. He has again and again declared that he desires peace with us; and the only reason why this declaration is not universally believed is, that he has kept up, and is keeping up a navy, the only use of which can be to oppose England. In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to show that this step was necessary to his position—necessary for his avowed policy; and so far as we have succeeded, so far we may lay aside any fears of hostilities: but there is much to be said on the other side of a positive nature. Can we tax our Imperial Ally with a single act of bad faith towards us? Has he ever shown himself backward in offering or rendering aid to our fleets and armies? If he tendered aid in quelling the rebellion in India—if he be co-operating with us in reducing the Chinese barbarians to submission—is it likely that now, when we are infinitely stronger by land and by sea than we have been since his accession—now that the whole country is bristling with the rifles of our Volunteers—now that the national mind is thoroughly awake to the necessity of a navy strong enough to sweep all others from the seas—he should contemplate an invasion? It is, of course, impossible to say what is in the mind of any man; but certainly nothing seems more improbable. And what, then, should be our policy? Certainly not one of distrust, still less one of defiance and insult. The recent Treaty is to a great extent a pledge of peaceful intentions; we have received it as such, and have largely reciprocated its advantages; we must see that no needless cause of quarrel arises out of the complications of European politics. If we adhere to a strict system of non-intervention, it is hardly likely that any one will meddle with us; and we must resolve on this course of action. Above all, we must not allow ourselves to be entangled with German policy. The Germans are, it is true, our brethren; they are eminently a trustworthy people, and we must on no account neglect our German alliances; but we must learn to regard them from that point in which their interests and our own coincide. We must learn, if it be necessary, to separate the small German dynasties from the great German people, and we must sacrifice any amount of the former to prevent a collision between Prussia and France. There is a great appearance of chivalry in standing up for the weak and defenceless, and going to war with a Great Power for the sake of some Palsgrave of Saltsplash, or some Grand Duke of Hoch Stieffelnberg Narrenstein; but our Government has to consult the interests of a vast Empire, and to remember that a war between England and France means a war to extend over the globe, and to last for half a century. We do not, however, recommend to give up the cause of the weak, merely because they are weak and their adversaries are strong. We do not counsel a complicity in, or even a connivance at, any act of injustice

or oppression, no matter by whom performed ; nor do we say that we are to take the tone of our policy from a nation, the whole character of whose government is so different from our own as that of the French. We believe that the present Emperor of the French has been a loyal and faithful Ally; we believe that it is his firm resolve to continue so, and we think that he has a right to our confidence and respect. But Napoleon III. is not immortal; and should it please Providence to remove him before he has completed his great work of restoring the Empire, and placing France in that position of internal and external prosperity which he desires, we would give very little for the chances of European peace. We fear that should a calamity so frightful as this occur, the state of France would be like that of the Chariot of the Sun when deprived of its charioteer. Ovid can tell the story to those who wish to know more. While, therefore, we meet our Great Ally with confidence and cordiality, we must not relax in our own preparations for war; we must multiply our present riflemen by at least five; we must increase our volunteer artillery; we must place our navy on the most perfect footing, and we must cement our alliances with Prussia and Russia as firmly as possible. No trouble and no expense must be grudged, and we must willingly submit even to another sixpence in the pound income-tax, should such a measure be necessary to pay for our national defences. We shall be best carrying out the designs of the Emperor himself by consolidating our own resources, and being prepared for whatever events the next few years may bring forth. The welfare of the world for the next half century depends on the life of Napoleon III. and the wisdom of the British cabinet.

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## Brief Notices.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, with Notes, &c. &c. Vol. I. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE first volume of this truly national work now lies before us, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything in our modern literature and art to be compared with it. Whether we refer to its literary, artistic, or mechanical execution, it is a work of unparalleled interest. We are glad to find that in the text there is no departure from the authorised version; that the notes, which are not too long—of itself a great commendation—are simply explanatory, “not designed to supply what is commonly termed a commentary, but rather to give the deeper meaning of certain words and phrases, to illustrate certain usages and allusions in the sacred text by a reference to the manners, customs, laws, and religious rites of the Eastern world, and to embody in a few words the vital truths and practical lessons of the Book of God.” An amazing amount of reading and of knowledge is compressed and embodied in these notes, not to be found in any one existing commentary. The various readings are given in the margin with the parallel passages, which latter are rather scanty.

The illustrations, which “are introduced with a profusion and a freedom never before attempted,” have been prepared, we are told, “at an enormous outlay,” and we can fully believe it. In fact, looking at the paper, type, wood-cuts, maps, and the whole getting-up of the work, it is one of the marvels of this marvellous age. The wonder is, how it can be published and sold at such a price; and it reflects infinite credit on the truly enterprising and generous publishers.

VOL. IV.

To ministers, students, and Sunday-school teachers, it will be found of invaluable service; while to the myriads of England's people it is a positive boon:—neither hall, nor house, nor cottage should be without this Bible.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. JOHN MACLAURIN. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Goold, D.D., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Edinburgh: John MacLaren, 1860.

WORKS which have stood the test of critical examination and of public approval for nearly one hundred years, need no commendation from our pen. Maclaurin was not only “the most profound and eloquent Scottish Theologian of the last century,” but deserves to be placed side by side with the philosopher and the theologian of any age and of any country. His works are a noble monument to his colossal intellect and his sanctified genius. Let any one read his essay, entitled—“Prejudices against the Gospel,” or his sermon on “The Sins of Man not chargeable on God,” and say whether he can find anything in Bishop Butler or in John Foster more profound or more philosophic. Such an appeal to the intellect and the heart is seldom to be met with. Then as to his well-known, because more frequently-published discourse on “Glorying in the Cross of Christ,” we are quite prepared to adopt the words of the editor, that “no sermon in the English language has been more admired and praised by the best judges; it is marked from the beginning to the close by eloquence of the highest order, consecrated to the illustration of the noblest truths. \* \* \* The singular genius of the author appears in the

skill with which he so copiously weaves into his appeals the various facts in the history of our Saviour. Events with which we have been familiar from childhood, acquire a strange and singular freshness under his treatment. \* \* \* The effect of the whole is enhanced by the abruptness of the conclusion. The preacher has risen to a height from which he cannot or will not descend." For true, impassioned, impressive eloquence, the sermon stands unequalled.

This edition of Maclaurin is enriched with additional notes and extracts from his manuscripts still in existence ; with letters truly "replete with interest;" and with his attestation to the Revivals which took place in various parts of Scotland in his own day.

We give our cordial thanks to the publisher and the editor for this improved and enlarged edition of a work which deserves to live till all earthly things are wrapped in the flame of the great final fire.

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THE WORKS OF JOHN ANGELL JAMES; onewhile Minister of the Church Assembling in Carr's-lane, Birmingham. Edited by his Son. Vol. III. Sermons. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

At present we simply introduce this third volume of Mr. James's works to our readers, reserving our criticism and remarks till the whole series of volumes is published. There is one thing, however, which we cannot fail to notice in the present volume, and that is, the utter disregard to all chronological order in the arrangement of these sermons and addresses. The volume opens with a sermon on the death of Mr. James's brother, in 1852; and onward more than two-thirds we have the address delivered at the grave of the lamented and eloquent Dr. McAll, in 1838, and other chronological inaccuracies. Had the productions of our departed friend been given in the order of their com-

position, it would have given us a far better idea of the growth and development not only of his intellectual powers, but also of his moral and Christian consciousness. The present arrangement introduces a not favourable inequality into the work, which is as disappointing to the reader as it is unfair to the honoured man whose words are precious to us. The editor may have his reasons for this arrangement, but we are in perfect ignorance.

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THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. Second Edition. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster-row.

WE are not at all surprised that a second edition of this volume should have been so soon called for; and we have but to repeat our former high commendation of the work, only with the same limitation and reserve. In his preface, Mr. Brown has made too much of the mistake—singular and unaccountable as that mistake is—which his critic in the *British Quarterly* fell into; and far too little of the objections which have been taken by the great body of his Reviewers against certain portions of his work. Some little deference surely was due to their collective judgment; and if, in conformity with their suggestions, he had omitted or modified some few passages, the volume would have suffered nothing in force or in value. He says:—

"The criticism with which my doctrinal positions have been assailed, fails to touch me, because it supposes me to ignore principles which I have earnestly asserted and steadfastly maintained. The statement of my most candid reviewers comes to this:—'There is something beside the Father's relation to us in God. He is lawgiver, ruler, judge; the administrator of the law on whose integrity the system of the universe is hanging, which he may not imperil, whatever be the tenderness of his fatherly heart.' If I failed to see all this, I should deserve

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the severest judgment. Nothing seems to me more opposed to the true spirit of the Gospel, than the view of God's Fatherliness, which makes Him incapable of administering judgment, and inflicting its sentence on the rebels against His love. I regard the Divine Fatherhood as essentially inclusive of all which is pleaded for by those who seem to seek to discover diversities, and develop oppositions, in Him, who, weak as may be our grasp of the great fact, is One. Because, I find the Divine Father so inflexibly righteous, so maintainant of the honour and truth of law, I see that there can be no reconciliation between the Father and the guilty rebellious child, but on the basis of mediation—the atonement, offered by the God-man for our sins, and the work of the Holy Ghost as the author, the nourisher, and the perfecter of the Divine Life in the Soul."

It would have been well for Mr. Brown to have said these things in their proper place in the volume itself, and not have needlessly subjected himself even to the shadow of suspicion. Henceforth, we must interpret the work by its preface, and not the preface by the work.

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COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: Embracing the Latest Results of Criticism. By David Brown, D.D. Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Aberdeen. Glasgow: William Collins, Buchanan-street.

THE author of this admirable little work tells us, that this "is an experiment how far it is possible to furnish the English reader with an independent and fresh exposition, embodying the great outlines and mature results of criticism, ancient and modern, English and foreign, on this portion of Scripture, without the aid of any language but his own;" and a most successful experiment it is. The Epistle to the Romans is the most profound and the most comprehensive of all St. Paul's writings; and no man not possessed of ripper scholar-

ship, not familiar with the principles of genuine criticism, not bound by the laws and canons of enlightened interpretation, not experimentally acquainted with the truth of God, and not the subject of a deeper and a wider Christian consciousness, is qualified to be a commentator on such an Epistle. We therefore congratulate Dr. Brown on the task which he has performed, and the whole Christian Church on the boon which she has received at his hands.

On the much-controverted passage in the seventh chapter, he has written clearly and with power. On the words, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members," he thus comments:—

"In this important verse, observe, first, that the word 'law' means *an inward principle of action, good or evil, operating with the fixedness and regularity of a law*. The Apostle found two such laws within him; the one, 'the law of sin in his members,' called (Gal. v. 17, 24) 'the flesh which lusteth against the spirit,' 'the flesh with the affections and lusts,' *i.e.* the sinful principle in the regenerate; the other, 'the law of the mind,' or the holy principle of the renewed nature. Second, when the Apostle says he 'sees' the one of these principles 'warring against' the other, and 'bringing him into captivity' to itself, *he is not referring to any actual rebellion going on within him while he was writing, or to any captivity to his own lusts then existing*. He is simply describing the two conflicting principles, and pointing out what it was the inherent property of each to aim at bringing about. It is 'THE LAW OF THE MIND' renewed by grace, to set its seal to God's law, approving of it and delighting in it, sighing to reflect it, and rejoicing in every step of its progress towards the complete embodiment of it:—it is 'THE LAW OF SIN in the members' to dislike and seduce us out of all spirituality, to

carnalize the entire man, to enslave us wholly to our own corruptions. Such is the unchanging character of these two principles in all believers, but the relative strength of each is different in different Christians. While some come so low, through 'iniquities prevailing against them,' that 'the law of the mind' can at times be scarce felt at all, and they forget that they have been purged from their old sins; others, habitually 'walking in the Spirit,' so 'crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts,' that 'the law of sin' is practically dead. But it is with the unchanging character of the two principles, not the varying strength of them, that this verse has to do. Third: when the Apostle describes himself as '*brought into captivity*' by the triumph of the sinful principle of his nature, he clearly speaks in the person of a *renewed* man. Men do not feel themselves to be in captivity in the territories of their own sovereign, and associated with their own friends, breathing a congenial atmosphere, and acting quite spontaneously. But here the Apostle describes himself when drawn under the power of his sinful nature, as forcibly seized and reluctantly dragged to his enemy's camp, from which he would gladly make his escape. This ought to settle the question, of whether he is here speaking as a regenerate man or the reverse."

There are two or three other passages on which we should have liked to give the opinion of our Author, did not our space interdict us. To the mere English reader, this little volume will be of immense service; and even to the more advanced student in theology, and the divine, it will be found to be no mean help.

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CHRISTIAN BELIEVING AND LIVING. By F. D. Huntingdon, D.D. Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. 1860.

THIS work, which is an American product, is entitled to the deepest

study of every Christian man. In a series of twenty-two short Essays, the Author expatiates with great freedom, and with no little force, over the whole field of Christian life and consciousness. Though we are not prepared to subscribe to all his views or statements, the Volume is pervaded by a fine healthy tone which cannot fail to give an invigorating character to the inner spiritual life of the soul.

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LAW AND GOSPEL: Discourses on Primary Themes; to which is added, True Revival. By the Rev. George C. Hutton, Paisley. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. 1860.

THE late Dr. Hamilton, of Strathblane, wrote a very able treatise on this very subject several years ago, from which the work before us differs materially. Still, the present volume has its pretensions and its claims. It discovers a perfect knowledge of the subject, with no little amount of intellectual power and sanctified genius. In the Sermon on Justification, we rather demur to some of the representations and statements. In what sense can we speak of a sinner's "legal innocence," or of his "legal merit?" If he has sinned, he never can be pronounced legally innocent in time or through eternity. He may be legally pardoned, but he can never be legally acquitted. If he cannot be legally acquitted, then he can have no legal merit; though, on the vicarious doings of another, he may be legally favoured and blessed. Of the doctrine of justification by faith in the righteousness of Christ, we have not even the shadow of a doubt; but the mode in which that vital truth is put forth is anything but defensible or felicitous.

Mr. Hutton's work is rich in evangelical statements; and the truths which he elucidates are pressed home on the conscience with an earnestness and a heartiness as refreshing as it is vigorous, and worthy of commendation.

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VICE-ROYALTY : OR, COUNSELS RESPECT-  
ING THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HEART.  
Addressed especially to Young Men.  
By Benjamin Smith. London: John  
Mason, City-road. 1860.

AFTER a very appropriate introduc-  
tion of some twelve pages, the work  
is divided into four chapters, embrac-  
ing the Nature, Extent, Importance,  
and Maintenance of good Self-govern-  
ment. A subject of more practical  
importance could not be approached,  
and as addressed to young men in an  
age of unwonted temptation and  
danger, it becomes one of the most  
vital moment. Our Author has so  
treated it as to make the perusal of  
his Volume at once attractive and  
entertaining, instructive and practical,  
moral and impressive.

A REMEDY FOR WANDERING THOUGHTS  
IN THE WORSHIP OF GOD. By the  
Rev. Richard Steele, M.A. First pub-  
lished in the year 1673. London: Ward  
and Co. Paternoster Row.

THIS is a reprint of an old but valu-  
able little book, which was written as  
"an antidote against the most com-  
mon disturber of God's people in His  
worship," and to this end it is well  
adapted. To teach a Christian how  
to concentrate and fix his thoughts in  
the holiest and sublimest service, is  
itself no mean service ; and to have  
well learned such a lesson is no mean  
attainment.

THE ATONEMENT BY PROPITIATION. By  
the Rev. Charles Hebert, M.A., Offi-  
ciating Minister of Brunswick Chapel,  
Marylebone, and formerly Rural Dean  
of Newcastle-under-Lyme. London:  
James Nisbet and Co. 21 Berner's-street.

THE Sermons of which this little  
*brochure* is a keen and discriminating  
examination, are no indistinct utter-  
ances, no half-finished articulations.  
The Author knows what he means to  
say, and he speaks out with a freedom  
and an emphasis not to be mistaken ;  
he labours to make himself under-

stood. The drift of his two Sermons  
is to set aside the idea of Atonement  
by Propitiation. He maintains that  
"there is not a word in the Bible  
about the punishment due to our  
sins being inflicted by a just God  
upon His own Son ;" that Christ only  
"shared our sin in the sense of it, in  
sorrow for it, in a vicarious confession  
of it, and in the miserable conse-  
quences of it ;" and that God can for-  
give without requiring any punish-  
ment on account of the breach of His  
law.

In examining and replying to these  
bold assertions, Mr. Hebert confines  
himself wholly to the argument from  
Scripture, and only to such portions  
of the argument as are involved in the  
texts quoted by the Author of the  
Sermons. Had he taken up the whole  
Scripture Testimony, he must have  
written a ponderous volume instead  
of a short Tractate. So far as he has  
gone, he has shown himself master of  
his subject. He proves with all the  
force of a moral demonstration, that  
if Christ's death was not in the fullest  
sense of the word *expiatory*, then it  
is impossible ever to vindicate the  
conduct of God toward the Son of His  
love ; that God is a Moral Governor  
as well as an Indulgent Father ; that  
law has its penalties just as really as  
it has its requirements ; that if its re-  
quirements are not met, its penalties  
must be inflicted ; that if the punish-  
ment fall not on some voluntary and  
accepted substitute, it must fall upon  
the transgressor himself ; and hence,  
that it is morally impossible for the  
holy and righteous God to be gracious  
to the sinner without a Propitiation  
in which justice is neither surrendered  
nor modified. Mr. Hebert can ex-  
patriate quite as eloquently, and with  
an equal glow of feeling, as the Author  
of the Sermons on the grace of God,  
but it is grace reigning through  
righteousness. His soul, too, can kin-  
dle as he dwells on the love of God  
in Christ ; but it is love revealing  
itself in light. If there be those who  
would tear *justice* from the choir of  
divine attributes as if it had no rela-

tion to all the rest ; so there are those who would in like manner separate *love* from all the rest, as if there were no harmony between them and it. But all must learn that there is such a fact as mercy and truth meeting together, righteousness and peace embracing each other.

But we must pause, and urge our readers to lose no time in making this triumphant refutation of a growing heresy their own. It will well repay the most thoughtful, prayerful perusal.

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CENTRAL TRUTHS. By the Rev. Charles Stanford, Author of "Power in Weakness;" "Memorials of the Rev. W. Rhodes." London: Jackson and Walford.

THE revival of pulpit literature is a notable fact of our times. Some of our noblest classics have been bequeathed to us in the form of sermons. Latimer, Chillingworth, Tiltonson, Barrow, Howe, Jeremy Taylor, and Butler, made the sermon the vehicle of their finest disquisitions and profoundest thoughts. They wrote with a view to a wider circle and a more enduring influence than was given to the momentary delivery of their discourse; this ultimate inference, it is true, often over-weighted their sermon, and impaired their vivacity and force for spoken utterance, but this was not a necessary consequence. In fact, the purest examples alike of clear English, solid thought, and genuine feeling which these great authors have produced, are sermons, quick, from beginning to end, with that vital pulse, that *mouvement* which distinguishes the sermon from any other form of composition, and by an electric sympathy touches and opens the hearts of a surrounding audience.

Since, however, these great sermons of the 17th century till the present time, sermons have been a drug in the book-market. But now they seem, and most deservedly, to

have regained their popularity, and to be resuming their early power in the press; we noticed in our last number some volumes of sermons by Nonconformist ministers, recently published and well received by the public.

The volume we now notice contains a series of sermons preached last year by a distinguished Baptist minister, and we predict for it a success and an enduring fame equal to any contemporary volume of sermons. It has its own distinct features, which we briefly enumerate. There is, first, a remarkable compression and felicity of expression, which at once surprises the reader's attention. The gleams of poetic light glance upon the rolling paragraph, like glittering sunbeams on the full flowing stream. There is an exquisite finish, a solidity of power, a lightness and refinement of touch about these sermons which yields inexhaustible pleasure. This very excellence, however, detracts from the energy and grandeur of these sermons. Their delicacy and calm eloquence belong to the essay rather than the sermon. They want the rapid fervour, the ganglionic knotting, the lightning strokes, which tell so immensely upon a listening auditory.

Again we commend these sermons for a most rare and valuable peculiarity. We mean the novel, rich, varied, and beautiful illustrations with which they set off the simple doctrines of the Gospel. This is the novelty we desire in the pulpit;—not in the theme, but in the handling of it. The resources of learning, the devotion of the heart, the fertility of the imagination, the patient, long-continued, and ever renewing thought of the study, brought to illumine with fresh lights, to garnish with new ornament, to establish with added evidence, to publish with growing power and acceptance, the old unchangeable facts of Christianity, which remain from everlasting to everlasting the same. In this respect we especially commend Mr. Stan-

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ford's volume as a study for ministerial students. His gifts few may possess but his aim all may seek.

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THE CAVENDISH PULPIT. Sermons by the Rev. Joseph Parker, Minister of Cavendish Street Chapel. London: Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row.

THESE sermons are printed from reporters' notes, and are only cursorily corrected by the preacher. By this circumstance they seem to be removed from the bar of the literary critic. They are too noticeable, however, to be overlooked, as they indicate the power of a young preacher who has achieved a most honourable success in Manchester, and bear upon them the stamp of an original, strong, and peculiar mind. Two characteristics attract our special regard and criticism. One is the force which stamps its brand upon every sentence, compressing it, and thrusting it out with an almost violent energy. This must give a massive momentum, a fiery onset, to the paragraphs before us, if delivered with a spirit like that which thrills and burns in the letters, and not over-acted. For quiet reading, of course, this force seems at times to be exaggerated and spasmodic; and doubtless if these sermons had been drawn from the alembic of the study and slowly refined, instead of being run off from the glowing furnace of the pulpit, a chaster, calmer, finer, tone would have pervaded the style. Even for the highest pulpit effect we question if a more quiet tone would not give relief and increased impressiveness to the impassioned passages, and accordingly we are exceedingly pleased to see in a little book, by the same author, styled "Emmanuel," containing selections from discourses in the history of our Lord, a placidity and repose of thought, accompanied with great beauty of expression. If this refinement but restrain so as to modulate and not subdue the force manifest in this first volume of the "Cavendish

Pulpit," we shall have a second which will become a legacy to the next generation, as it will be a valued possession of this. The second characteristic of these sermons is the happy, expert method by which Mr. Parker extricates from the narrative, or the few words of his text, the principles he wishes to inculcate, and the clear, bold, incisive way in which he condenses and states these in brief, pungent, rememberable propositions. This we conceive a great excellence in a preacher. In no modern sermons have we seen the power of enucleating thought more fully displayed than in this volume, and therefore we note it with our highest commendation, awaiting, for the present, yet higher and more perfect sermons from the mind which has already produced these.

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LIGHT AT THE END. London: John Snow.

THE soft light of hallowed memory now gathers like evening twilight over the Daughter—the Friend who has sunk to her rest. It is so as to the bereaved mourners on earth. But upon her, the morning light has fallen. On this side the globe there is the dusk deepening into night; on the other, there is the dawn brightening into day; so while the shadowy light lingers over the grave, and rests on the sorrowing group around it, on her the cloudless morn is breaking. The little *brochure* whose title we have given contains a most pathetic address delivered by the Rev. B. S. Hollis, at the funeral of Martha Rose Sherman, youngest daughter of Rev. James Sherman; and two sermons delivered on the following Sunday at Blackheath Independent chapel by the Revs. S. Martin and J. H. Allon. The names of these eminent ministers avouch the excellence of these discourses, but the solemnity of the occasion, and the personal affection

of the preachers, give a thrill to their words, a pathos as of tears, which awes and subdues the reader, as it must have melted all but the stoney-hearted who heard them.

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ENGLAND AND MISSIONS. By the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., Bristol. London: Henry J. Tresidder, Paternoster Row.

CHRIST'S CONSECRATION AND OURS. By the Rev. Henry Allon. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

THESE two Sermons, preached before the directors and friends of two great Missionary Institutions, differ wholly in their character, and yet they are most intimately related. Mr. Bosworth sweeps in thought and imagination over the whole field of Missions, and gives us the most graphic and interesting sketch of what the Christian Church has undertaken and done in these modern times for the heathen world; and it would be impossible to lay our hand on any other such epitome of Evangelical Missions.

Mr. Allon, on the other hand, takes for granted that his hearers are fully acquainted with the field of Missionary operations; and on the fact of the Saviour's sublime self-consecration to the work of human redemption, he founds an argument—beautiful as it is forcible—for our consecration to the service of Christ; and on both he rests his appeal, urgent and affectionate, to the whole Christian Church, to give proof of more entire self-surrender and sacrifice.

The large audience who encircled the preacher were overpowered and subdued by one deepening emotion, which spread like a flame as they listened to the solemn quickening thoughts of the preacher, rapidly delivered with an absorbing, resistless earnestness of tone and action which gave them startling clearness and stirring impulse.

Both discourses have our highest and heartiest recommendation.

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES, AND MISSIONARY LABOURS, during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa, together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Urambani, Shea, Abessinia, and Khar-tum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mornbag to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. J. Lewis Krapf, with an Appendix, &c. &c. London: Trübner and Co. Paternoster-row.

ADOPTING Livingstone's profound axiom, that "the end of the geographical feat is the commencement of the missionary operation," we hail the appearance of this beautiful volume with unmingled pleasure. Dr. Krapf is worthy of being named with Dr. Livingstone, and of being held in the same high and almost universal esteem. In childhood his desire for travel was greatly fostered by the study of geography, and by reading voyages and travels, and in his fourteenth year, his ambition was to become the captain of a ship, and to visit foreign lands. When only a year older, he heard the Rector of the school in which he was being educated read an essay "On the Spread of Christianity among the Heathen," which awakened within him the desire of missionary labour. This desire he cherished, in opposition to the feelings of his parents and friends, and subsequently entered the Missionary College, at Basel, in which a friendship sprung up between the missionary Fjeldstädt and himself, which ripened with the progress of years, and through whose assistance, counsel, and words of comfort, he reached, after some severer struggle, the joyful conviction, that he ought to dedicate himself to the service of missions, and find in the starting point of his career its goal and resting place. In 1837, therefore, he set out in connection with the Church Missionary Society on his long and difficult journey to Abessinia, the land of his youthful dreams and aspirations; but it was not without tears at parting, or without fear and trembling, that he took up his pilgrim's staff and bade adieu to many dear friends and to the home of his childhood.

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We should like to accompany our intrepid traveller and devoted missionary in his various journeyings, and to note his self-sacrificing labours. His stay at Adowa, the capital of Tigre, and the seat of the Abessinian Mission, was very short; in Shea he accompanied the King in many of his expeditions, and thus became better acquainted with the Galla tribes, whom he believes to be intended by God for the fulfilling of some sublimer destiny;—his exploring expeditions are full of the most living incident and interest; and so are his numerous journeys of observation;—his settlement at Rab-bai Mpia, with the erection of his house and little church, forms a very interesting chapter in his history, together with the working of the Christian element there, and the geographical results of the mission in general. These are inviting topics, and so are many others included in the work; but we must not be tempted to follow our author. We do look upon him as “a pioneer of important geographical discoveries, and a most successful labourer in the field of Hametic philology;” while his efforts “to introduce Civilization and Christianity into the benighted Continent of Africa,” will give him a place in the very first Christian circles of England.

It is a fact, not to be overlooked nor lightly estimated, that while Livingstone was proceeding from the south towards the coast of Mozambique, Krapf was proceeding from the north to the same point, and that the two travellers approached each other within five degrees. Would that they had met! What a moment of interest would that have been in the life of two such men!

Dr. Krapf looks upon Uniamesi as the great country of the interior, and would fix the thought of the Christian Church on this as the grand centre of missionary enterprise in the Evangelization of Africa.

The work of Dr. Krapf is a valuable contribution, not only to geographical

discovery and Evangelical Missions, but to commercial enterprise. We are now better acquainted with the country—its soil, its products, and its capabilities. As a consequence, the merchant will track the step of the traveller, and the Missionary will track the step of both to give to the people that Christianity of which both our commerce and our discoveries are but the fruits.

With whatever interest our readers may have perused the work of Livingstone, we can safely say that with unabated interest will they read this truly delightful volume.

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GEMS FROM THE CORAL ISLANDS; or, Incidents in Savage and Christian Life in the Islanders of Eastern and Western Polynesia. By the Rev. W. Gill. London: Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

THESE “Gems” have been sparkling in the light for some few years, and they will give back their lustre to any one who will take the pains to examine them. Everything connected with the introduction and development of Christianity in the South-Sea Islands is, to our minds, replete with interest; and here we have the most authentic and reliable information brought down to a comparatively recent period. The work is written with graphic power, and possesses the most thrilling interest. Let the lovers of romance, and those who are fond of the marvellous and the unusual, only sit down to its perusal; and here they will find facts strange as fiction, incidents equal to any tale of wonder, and scenes surpassing fable.

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THEOLOGY IN SCIENCE: for the Use of Schools and of Private Teachers. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. London: Jarrold and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard.

A CAPITAL little book. It embraces a great variety of subjects, and floods the youthful mind with the clearest light. The facts of science and the

discoveries of philosophy are shown to be in perfect and never-varying harmony with the truths and disclosures of Divine Revelation.

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**FARQUHAR FRANKHEART**; or, Incidents in the Introduction of Methodism into Yorkshire. A Tale. By the Author of "Popham Upton," &c. &c. &c. London: Ward and Co. Paternoster Row.

A TALE, but well told. The history of Methodism is full of startling, stirring incident; and here we have one of its most racy chapters. Our Author tells us that Farquhar Frankheart, the hero of his story, "wore the honours and wielded the authority of a chief" in his native village; that "when the rustics met to devise mischief for the benefit of some neighbouring village, or to settle the details of a fight with some reputed champion, Farquhar held high place in the assembly, and was listened to when he spoke with a degree of veneration that would have flattered an oracle not very susceptible of adulation, supposing such a one could be found." But he became a convert to the Christian Faith, united himself with the followers of John Wesley, became an active member of the Body, devoted himself to the work of the ministry, through whose agency and instrumentality the highest ends were reached and realized. Around this man, as a central figure, the Author skilfully groups many of the earlier labourers in the cause of Methodism, and makes his life and career the key to his well-written and entertaining story, which we think will be very popular with a large class of our readers.

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**CHAPTERS ON WIVES.** By Mrs Ellis, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

IT might seem as if Mrs. Ellis had a prescriptive right to speak to women. She has spoken often to them, and always well—a fact which now dis-

poses us to listen with an open ear to what she has to say to our wives. Very much of a man's earthly comfort depends upon his wife. Her character and conduct may give complexion to his whole life, and leave an impression on his history for ever. Therefore it is that, in proportion as we love our wives, and confide in them, we recommend to them the deep and repeated study of these Chapters. They are rich in practical lessons of wisdom and worth; and if their lessons be received in the spirit of love, many a home of wedded life may become sunnier and happier, and men and women find that in wedlock they are lovers still.

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**A LADY IN HER OWN RIGHT.** A Novel. By Westland Marston. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THERE is no reason why a Novel should not have its moral and practical element; and this element is faithfully preserved in the work before us. Lady Rainford is left a widow with two children. The son and heir dies in comparative youth; and her ladyship, who was fond of travel and the gay life of capitals, resigned her daughter to the care of Mrs. Arundel, the wife of a retired Chancery-barrister in Herefordshire, whose husband managed the Rainford estates. This child, on the death of her brother, came to the rank, title, and estates of the Rainford family, and was thus a lady in her own right. Mr. Arundel had a son, who was being educated for the Church, of manly character and of noble bearing, who fell in love with the Lady Caroline Faulkner now Baroness Rainford; but though his fair one had an "unfeigned love for all that was noble in act or thought," she had yet many errors to be corrected, and not a few lessons of heart yet to learn. Difficult as was the task, Ralph Arundel undertook to teach and to train her. And now the rest of the story is soon told. The young Baroness lived upon the smiles

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and the favour of men. To her their smile was life, their frown was death. But Ralph was ever seeking to impress her with the duty of living above both the one and the other—to settle what in itself was *right*, and then to act independently of the favour or the frown of men. She learned the lesson, but not without an effort—a struggle; became Ralph Arundel's wedded wife; and as, on a bright autumnal evening, he rides up "the pleasant approach to his house, from which the fire sheds its ruddy welcome, a light step meets him in the hall and goes with him to the hearth;" and folding her to his heart, he thanks God, and exclaims—"She is mine!"

As a work of fiction, nothing could be more pure or healthful.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE GOSPELS. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THIS is really a student's book, and one of a higher order. Its professed object is "to place in a clearer light the great laws of the interpretation of Holy Scripture," and in the prosecution of his design the author has most wisely confined himself, in many cases, "to the mere indication of lines of thought and inquiry, from the conviction that truth is felt to be more precious in proportion as it is opened to us by our own work;" and hence he tells us, that "from this cause a combination of references to passages of Scripture often stands for the argument which it suggests," and that "claims are made upon the reader's attention which would be unreasonable if he were not regarded as a fellow-student with the writer."

The work is divided into eight chapters:—I. The Preparation for the Gospel. II. The Jewish Doctrine of the Messiah. III. The origin of the Gospels. IV. The Characteristics of the Gospels. V. The Gospel of St. John. VI. The differences in detail of the Synoptic Evangelists.

VII. The Differences in Arrangement of the Synoptic Gospels. VIII. The Difficulties of the Gospels. To which are given six Appendices on—The quotations in the Gospels; the primitive doctrine of inspiration; the apocryphal traditions of the Lord's words and works; some of the apocryphal Gospels; a classification of the miracles of the Gospels; a classification of the Parables of the Gospels.

In the treatment of a subject which involves so vast a literature he has availed himself of every help within his reach; and on one question alone has he "endeavoured to preserve a complete independence." On the subject of inspiration he has trusted less to reading than to individual independent thought; conceiving "that it might be a more useful task to offer the simple result of personal thought and convictions than to attempt within narrow limits to discuss a subject which is really infinite." To this point he has devoted an introduction of some forty pages or more, and which we have read with great satisfaction. His idea of Inspiration will be discovered in the following quotation:—

"Inspiration may be regarded in one respect as the correlative of Revelation. Both operations imply a supernatural extension of the field of man's spiritual vision, but in different ways. By inspiration we conceive that his natural powers are quickened, so that he contemplates with a divine intuition the truth as it exists still among the ruins of the moral and physical worlds. By Revelation we see, as it were, the dark veil removed from the face of things, so that the true springs and issues of life stand disclosed in their eternal nature. This idea of Revelation which regards power, and truth, and beauty as veiled, and yet essentially existing beneath the suffering, and sin, and disorder which is spread over the world within us and without—over man and nature—seems to be pecu-

liarily Christian. Probably nothing but the belief in the Incarnation could give reality and distinctness to the conception of a 'restitution of all things;' and St. Paul describes the possibility of a clear vision and transforming reflection of the divine glory as the especial privilege of believers. The change wrought in philosophy by the vital recognition of this idea penetrates to the very foundations of knowledge and hope. The 'recollection' of Plato becomes intuition, and we can now by faith reverse the words of Plotinus, who thanked God that 'he was not tied to an immortal body.'

"But while the idea of Revelation in its fullest sense appears to be essentially Christian, every religion pre-supposes the reality of inspiration, of a direct, intelligible communication of the Divine will to chosen messengers. The belief in such a gift is, in fact, instinctive, and equally at least with the belief in a Supreme Being possesses the testimony of universal acceptance. Even intellectually the idea of inspiration offers no extraordinary difficulties. To enlarge or inform any faculty is evidently a secondary operation of the same power by which it was first given and quickened. The intercourse between the Creator and the creature must, in common with all spiritual manifestations, remain a mystery; but that it does take place in some form or other, is a matter of constant experience. And if we may venture to regard inspiration merely as a mental phenomenon, it is not more remarkable that man's spirit should be brought into direct connection with the Spirit of God, than that one mind should be able to exercise a sympathetic influence upon another. That man is complex and finite, introduces no difficulty which is not present in the ordinary processes of thought and life. And, on the contrary, this consideration fixes a limit to the extent of our inquiry, for all abstract analysis of Inspiration is impossible, since the

Divine element is already in combination with the human when we are first able to observe its presence."

Though not prepared to accept every *dictum* of our Author, there is much that is both rich and rare in his volume; and in his own words we conclude our notice:—"In this and other points of controversy, we cannot remind ourselves too often that arguments are strong only as they are true, and that truth is itself the fullest confutation of error."

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MEMOIR OF JOHN BROWN, D.D. Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. By John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-on-Tweed. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE had the pleasure, in comparative youth, of being introduced to the late Dr. John Brown; and the impression which we then received of the man remains to this day. Eminent as was the name which he bore, his was a character of true nobility, and included a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellences. These are given with great truthfulness by Dr. Cairns at the close of the volume now upon our table. In speaking of the depth and intensity of Dr. Brown's religious convictions, and their controlling influence amidst the varied and troubled scenes of life, till they inspired and exalted a death-bed of peculiar solemnity and interest, he says:—"If this Memoir have any value, it is in showing how a strong, vehement, and passionate nature, uniting many of the highest elements of manhood, may be completely subjugated by Christianity, so as not only to work with energy, but also to believe with humility, and to suffer with patience. It exhibits a mind of the 'Pauline type,' with masculine intellect, ardent temperament, and unyielding will, brought under the de-



cisive influence of the Cross, and expending all its energies in subduing other minds to the same obedience of faith. It sets before us an independent inquirer, of high and rare gifts, who, amidst the doubt and scepticism of an unsettled and shifting century, resigns his whole being to the empire of the Word of God, employs his entire powers in its study and defence, and proclaims more and more earnestly to the last, that the great Bible doctrines of Atonement and Sovereign Grace have been the solace of his life, and are his stay in death."

In describing the variety of elements which entered into the character of his venerable friend, and the fulness which it imparted to his life, he thus writes:—"The central quality of his mind was a singular clearness of apprehension, nearly allied to penetration and soundness of judgment. With this was coupled a depth of reflection on the one hand, and a strength of memory or capacity of acquisition on the other, rarely found in union, and in such perfect harmony as almost to conceal their full proportions. These qualities, applied to theology, made him a scholar, a critic, a philosophical divine. But there were also in his nature a fountain of tenderness and a sweep of impetuous indignation; and, with these ardent elements thus singularly and almost anomalously superadded, he became a vehement preacher, a zealous philanthropist, a stern Christian reformer, who, because he feared the Lord, hated evil, and defied and attacked it whenever it crossed his path. He possessed, in combination, a large portion of the fervour of Baxter and of the breadth of Owen, with something of the contemplation, not untouched with melancholy, of Howe. . . The many contrasts blended in his character were tempered by the discipline of experience; and his life, in all its various activities, seemed to become more rich, genial, and harmonious, as it approached its close."

After dwelling on "the unity and consistency" of his lengthened career,

as another remarkable feature in Dr. Brown's character, he passes on to what he calls the completeness of his life, and says:—"In no department of his manifold usefulness were his purposes broken off or the thoughts of his heart unaccomplished. Above all, his Christian authorship was brought to its conclusion. Hardly any eminent writer, even though spared to old age, has presented in so full and regular a shape all his best and maturest conceptions. It seemed, indeed, at one time as if the accumulated treasures of youth and manhood were to be shipwrecked in their passage amidst the storms of controversy, and finally lost. . . Dr. Brown was allowed thus to finish his course, and to do almost everything that his hand found to do. His life may be contemplated as resembling a work of epic art having a beginning, a middle, and an end; and the Divine order which reigns unseen, even when the most useful career is cut short, or the brightest genius snatched away, is not here shrouded in any darkness."

One great recommendation of this Memoir is its comparative brevity. There could have been no want of materials to have swelled the Biography of such a man into the dimensions of several large octavos; but Dr. Brown himself had a strong objection while he was living to any such lengthened records, and we are glad to find that Dr. Cairns has throughout so faithfully adhered to the principle of condensation. By so doing he has produced a Memoir of his departed friend which will be read with interest by every section of the one Holy Catholic Church.

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NEW EXEGESIS OF SHAKESPEARE: Interpretation of His Principal Characters and Plays, on the Principle of Races. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1859. Pp. 338.

THE washing of Black-a-moors white is proverbially a tedious and unsuc-

cessful enterprise; and yet we find it undertaken (metaphorically) every day. Judas Iscariot is a loyal subject, on the showing of Archbishop Whately; and Tiberius has long been held up as a model Emperor. Even Nero has had his admirers: "Some hand, unseen, strew'd flowers upon his tomb." Richard, the Humpback, was no more deformed in body than reckless in soul; and Lady Macbeth, according to Dr. Maginn, was all that was gentle and tender-hearted in woman. There are certain men, born under Cancer, all whose movements are the reverse of their fellows, and whose idiosyncrasy leads them to read history, poetry, criticism backwards—to invent some new thing, which shall not be only novel, but subversive of what is old. Of such a class—not, perhaps, exactly within the limits of our definition, nevertheless of a sufficiently paradoxical kind to answer to the terms—is the anonymous Author of the *New Exegesis*; who is ingenious, acute, and pleasing, but, we fear, we must add, not correct. A note of his scheme is an apocalypse of his theory. He takes it that "the divine Williams" has constructed his Iago as a type of the Romano-Italic race, Hamlet as a type of the Teutonic race, and Macbeth as a type of the Celtic race. What other races, then, are represented in the hundred other personages who appear upon the Shakespearian stage? Let the echoes answer. We contend, on the whole, a purely English element prevails. After accrediting the half-savage "Hieland laird" Macbeth with all the virtues under the sun, our expositor of the new Shakespearian creed requires us to believe the startling article that "the Celtic race is, among the known varieties of the species, *the race of gentlemen*." As gentlemen are persons who exemplify their breeding by their gentleness of demeanour, we are cosmopolitan enough to believe that gentlemen of this quality are to be found amongst all races. That Shakespeare himself was no Cambro-Celt, we consider proven by the whole

tone of his writings and thoughts. Where in the world shall we find more English appreciation of the land, and all that is English, than in those grand and never-to-be-forgotten lines, wherein he makes one of his characters portray the happy island of our birth—lines never more significant and sweet than now?—

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat, defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,  
this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their  
birth,  
Renown'd by their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear  
land!  
Dear for her reputation through the  
world!"

In the presence of such a picture as this it is something to be an Englishman, and we are proud of it. Our Celtic friend is clever and interesting, but we must hold his thesis unproven.

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THE MUTINEERS: A Poem. By John McGilchrist, M.D. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

WE have read Dr. McGilchrist's poem with more interest than we anticipated, and have marked passages of unquestionable power, and which manifest the possession alike of cultivation and of genius. But, in the sense of its popular mistranslation, we cannot help asking *cui bono*? The poem narrates with not a little circumstantial detail the history of the Mutiny of the Bounty. It is divided into six cantos: The Ship, The Mutiny,



The Islands, The Settlement, The Insurrection, The Last Man. The hard, harsh tyranny of Captain Bligh; the play of feeling and passion in the mutineers; the extreme beauty of some of the islands of the Pacific, and especially of Pitcairn, together with other incidentals of plot-evolution and circumstance, are ably, vividly, and interestingly described.

But of these things we have long known. There is scarcely an average schoolboy in the country who is not familiar with the source from which Dr. McGilchrist's materials are derived. And, though we know very well that it is the prerogative of poetical genius to clothe ordinary materials with extraordinary beauty, and to describe what is familiar with extraordinary vividness and power, we yet question whether our author has done wisely in making so positively familiar and so comparatively recent an event and history the subject of his poetical endeavours.

It appears to us, moreover, that, with his eyes wide open, Dr. McGilchrist has run into dangerous error—that is, if it is an error, as we venture to maintain, to neglect historical or biographical accuracy, in order more easily to produce rhetorical effect, or, with less demand upon the creative and inventive faculties, to meet the exigencies of one's plot. Dr. McGilchrist may at least plead that he has behaved with admirable candour in this matter, for he makes known to us beforehand that he has availed himself "of a customary poetic license to invent or alter the portrait of a character, or the turn of an event." Against such license we respectfully and earnestly protest. It is the source of incalculable and incurable evil. And, notwithstanding sundry examples from great masters, we are bold to maintain that the interests of poetry are the interests of history, that both alike demand truth, and that, to sacrifice justice to convenience or effect, is to mistake the highest functions and possibilities of good which the poet, above all men,

should ever have in view. We have, however, no desire to speak censoriously of this poem. It shows taste, training, and genius; but the subject seems to us unfitting, the materials unpromising, and the success at least as great as there was ground to expect.

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LESSONS OF LIFE FOR FEMALE DOMESTICS. By Grandfather Gray.

A VERY valuable little book, after the pithy and graphic manner of Old Humphrey, for female servants and for senior-girls in Bible classes. We most cordially commend it as one of the best books of its class.

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ECCLESIASTES: Its Meaning and its Lessons. By Robert Buchanan, D.D., London: Blackie and Son, Warwick Square, E.C.

GOOD, substantial, elaborate, well thought out, and elegantly expressed—albeit somewhat heavy. A good specimen of Scotch exposition; which, though more instructive, is perhaps neither so quickening nor impressive as the sermonizing style which English preachers and congregations prefer. Greater condensation, less amplified remarks on passages which are plain, and a fuller discussion of some that are difficult, would have made it a better book. As it is, the ordinary reader will find it a sound, useful exposition of a somewhat difficult portion of Scripture; and even the student may consult it with profit.

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THE FOUR P's; or, the Fortunes of Frank on his Road to Wealth. A Tale of the Sea for Boys. By M. H. Barker, Esq., the Old Sailor. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is a book which cannot fail to be read with the most lively interest by our sons. The Author sets before them the example of the good and

the wise as their rule of future action ; and shows them, by these examples, that Patience, or the power of endurance—Prudence, or the faculty to choose the best means to accomplish our ends—Perseverance, or the exercise of sustained, continued energy—and Piety, or the consecration of the heart and life to the service of God—are the four P's, which lead to the highest distinctions and the most unfading honours.

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**SIX STEPS TO HONOUR; or, Great Truths Illustrated.** By the Rev. H. P. Andrews. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.

VERY true is it, that "one of the most difficult tasks of literary labour is to prepare suitable books for children ;" but in the present instance the Author has admirably succeeded, and his work has our hearty recommendation.

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**SCHOOL-ROOM POETRY.** London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Paternoster Row.

THESE poetical pieces are intended as a sequel to "School-Room Lyrics," and a very good sequel they will be found.

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**COUSIN MINNIE'S TALES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN; or, All for the Best.** By Mrs. U. Cousins.

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**THE OTTOMAN CONVERT: A Narrative of Facts.** With an Introductory Preface by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Islington. London: Worthem and Co., Paternoster Row.

AT a time when the interests and the probable destiny of the Turkish Empire are exciting so much attention in the Protestant religious world, this narrative will be read with no common degree of satisfaction and hope.

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**THE DAWN OF LOVE.** By Calder Elliot. London: J. Blackwood, Paternoster Row.

"THE Dawn of Love," is love revealing itself in all the works and ways of God, till its light culminates in the life, and freedom, and blessedness of immortality.

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" " 1857, " 1858...	101,230	13	6	75,920	7	9
" " 1858, " 1859...	109,179	19	7	80,216	18	8
" " 1859, " 1860...	129,218	3	0	84,010	15	10